THE

VISIONS

OF

Dom Franciſco D'e Quevedo

Vellegaſs &c.

The Second Part.

Containing many Strange

And Wonderful Remarques.

BEING

Divided into ſeveral Parts, or

VISIONS:

Very Pleaſant and Profitable for all Conſiderate Perſons.

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English
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TO

The Impartial READER.

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GEntle Reader, *although Tracts of this Nature are but Rarely Exposed to the World in Allegory, yet I have thought fit to make use of such Methods, by which I might more fully lay open the wicked Practices of such as make it their business to invent mischief, as likewise to paint Vice in her proper Colours, that when her deformities appear, those that she has so long deluded may repent them of their folly, and leave the path that else would lead them to Destruction: Well; hoping that no person of understanding will construe any thing in this Book to proceed from private Malice; but rather from a Loyal and publick Zeal to set a Mark upon the Enemies*

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mies of our Country, and unravel the Miſtery of Iniquity; ſo far, that all diſcerning Eyes may ſee on what bottom it was wound up: nor would I have any think me Prophane or Raſh in any part of what is Written, ſince it was deſigned for no other end then to diſcourage vice, and deter Men from Impiety, by laying before them the dreadful puniſhments that may juſtly be inflicted on ſuch as dare commit all ſorts of Villanies. In fine, the Book I have divided into ſix parts, containing many Viſions, and is not only delightful to Read, but profitable to all Unbiaſed Perſons, whoſe ſound judgments ſhall inable them to make a Morral Conſtruction, and not wreſt it to any other end then what I have mentioned.

THE

The Second Part OF *Dom Franciſco de Quevedo's* VISIONS.

The firſt Viſion of the Counſels of Hell.

WHEN the bright Sun, great Ruler of the day, had from the utmoſt Tropick revolved to Ride with *Aries* through Mid-heaven, diſpencing equal light and darkneſs to mankind and all Created things beneath his Sphere, and with reſtoring rays Impriſoned nature ſet at Liberty, whom hoary Winter with his Icy bars had long kept under ſtrict reſtraint; the Air being now grown pleaſant and delight-

ful by reaſon of the gentle winds that ſoftly breathed on Earths great Alter, and thoſe ſweets defuſed which from her Pregnant Womb ſhe prodigally offers to her Sons: Inticed by theſe and the little winged Choriſters that in each blooming Grove ſat warbling out their wellcoms to the gaudy ſpring, I walked forth to view the beauties of this fruitful Iſle, whom Antients rightly termed the Store-houſe of the Weſtern World. And having gone ſome miles, I ſpied a broad path way which leads directly to a pleaſant ſhade that Crown'd the neighbouring hill, by which I ſoon aſcended, where delighted with the umbrage, I ſat me down beneath the ſpreading boughs, juſt by a Chriſtial ſpring, whoſe murmuring ſtreams in Silver trills diſcharged themſelves into a brook beneath, and with much Admiration fix'd my Eyes upon the out-ſpread Plains and Vallies fringed with Trees and bloſom'd Shrubs, where by each watery Meander I beheld the Sheepherds feeding of their numerous Flocks, whoſe pretty bleatings anſwered ſtill thoſe rural Songs which they on ſlender Reads tuned harmonious as the Muſick of the Sphears.

Nor was there any other Ruſtick Exerciſe or Object wanting to my ſight; which hitherto the Curiouſeſt pencil has in Landskip drawn; long gazing here, but yet not ſatisfied, for ſtill new objects of delight preſented themſelves to my view; I turned my Eyes upon that Famous City which *Popiſh* flames not long before had levelled with the duſt. But now like a new *Phœnix* from her aſhes raiſed more glorious then before, and for Magnificent Structures able to outvy the World, here I beheld her airy turrits lifting up their heads to out-face the ſtormy winds, whoſe Golden Spires reflected back the Sunbeams like ſo many Stars, whilſt all the little Towns and Villages beneath her feet were ſpread with this delightful Scene, that had far ſurpaſſed what Fame had told, I was ſo much Tranſported that I could not but expreſs my ſelf as follows.

O happy Land, ſaid I, the faireſt that my Eyes have yet beheld, thou art ſure that *Paradiſe* from which by diſobedience our firſt Parents fell, or if not that, yet when the great Creator bid thee raiſe thy head he bleſſed thee with a double bleſſing. Had *Iſrael* known thee, they no

doubt had took thee for the promiſed Land, and *Cannan* had been ſlighted for thy ſake: In thee all plenty dwells, which by conſuming does increaſe, nor is there any end of thy prodigeous ſtores, but all the Elements do laviſhly contribute to thy Sons rich and abounding, in what e're the World affords to make thee fruitful and happy, renown'd in Arms, and Empreſs of the Seas. But above all to ſhew thou art the Vine that Heavens right hand has planted; And that he has choſen thee from among all the Nations of the Earth to bear his name, the luſter of his Sacred Goſpel in it's primitive purity ſhines bright in thee; and wholſom Laws which in themſelves are liberty, refreſh thee with their pleaſant ſtreams, whilſt the keen Sword of Juſtice waves for thy Protection, in the hand of ſuch a Prince as Heaven amongſt all the Sons of men, could only think was worthy of ſo great a truſt: conſidering all theſe bleſſings, 'tis no wonder that thou art deſired, and that the neighbouring Nations envy thee ſuch happineſs.

Now whilſt I was thus expreſſing my ſelf, and almoſt in an Extacy, the full blazing Sun had gained the top of all

the

the Chriſtal Arch, ſurveying Eaſt and Weſt at equal diſtance, when overcome as it were with gazing on the pleaſant proſpect, I found my ſelf diſpoſed to reſt, and that prevailing ſleep ſat heavy on my Eyes, at which repoſing on a Violet bed, ſoft ſlumber ſpread her downy wings o're all my Limbs, and deſolved me into reſt, but left wide open the Cells of fancy, that ſo the ever wakeful Soul might have free paſſage, when on a ſuddain methought the Air grew dark and diſmal, the clouds wept, and muttering thunders a far off were heard, at which ſome-what amazed, bleſs me ſaid I how came this ſo ſtrange and ſuddain alteration; then looking up, before me ſtood the Image of a man incompaſſed with a cloud which ſeemed like evening miſt, having in one hand a Sword, and in the other an open Book; his countenance was Heavenly and his port no leſs; Eyes he had which ſeemed to dart their ſight as fair day: on this wonderous apparition, ſtruck with fear and great aſtoniſhment, I gazed, but had not power to ſpeak, which he perceiving gently raiſed me from the Earth, and mildly thus began, let terrors hence be banished and vain fears, for I no

harm intend; at which I taking heart bowed low, and humbly demanded what he was, whether of Heaven or Earth; of Heaven ſaid he, And farther know I am the *Genius* of theſe Countrys, or to ſpeak more plain the Gaurdian Angel of theſe happy Iſles. Behold this Sword their Law, this Book the Goſpel upon which both Church and State are founded, both which commiſſioned by Heavens King, I hitherto have had in charge and have defended till this time againſt the Ingenners of hell, no mallice has prevailed utterly to Extirpate the lofty ſpreading Cedar, though ſome of her branches have been lop'd off, yet the young ones have ſupplyed their places. But now that you underſtand the cauſe of my apperance in this Corporal ſhape, and as you ſee, it is to let you know what diſmal Tempeſts from all quarters of the World, are muſtering up their pitchy clouds whoſe big bellyed rage if not in time diſperſed, by the conſtant breath of Northern winds may ſhead a bailful flood of diſolation on this yet happy Land, which thou but even now beheldeſt ſo fair and pleaſant, for *Hell* and *Rome* will both agree (as envying her being favoured

favoured by the moſt high) that her Childrens blood ſhall crimſon o'e her face, and death be glutted with a hundred thouſand lives.

Alaſs Sir ſaid I, if under correction I may preſume to aske how can this be, ſince ſhe has peace with all her Neighbouring Nations, who either for love or fear render her an auful reverence, nor ſeem to raiſe an Arm againſt her, nor does War murmer within her Sea-girt walls; well, ſaid he, this is no time to Argue but along with me, and you ſhall quickly be convinced how ſhe ſtands tottering on the brink of ruin, he had no ſooner ended, but wrap'd in a whirlwind, through the Air we glided ſwift as lightening, or a falling Star, till through the concave of a burning Mount, we ſhot ten thouſand thouſand Fathoms deep, unſinged, untouched, or in the leaſt moleſted by the raging fires, which greedily ſeemed to catch at us, and incircle us with flame through all the noiſe and hidious crys through clamour, and through wild uprore, and a thouſand direful ſhapes we paſſed, when almoſt dead with fear, and by reaſon of my fright not able to ſpeak one word; I began to ponder with

my ſelf where I was going, bleſs me thought I, this can be none but Hell, and theſe the damned that my Eyes behold; O Heaven be merciful unto me, for which of all my ſins am I brought hither, being yet alive, O how unlike is this place to what my Eyes did lately ſee. So pleaſant fair and for delight ſurpaſſing what my tongue can tell, from which I'm ſnatched into this den of horrors, ſo ſoon is mans ſhort joy Eclipſed, and night comes on him e're his day is half expired. O juſt incenced Majeſty of Heaven thought I, where will thy vengeance hurry me, Is this great *Britains* danger, no 'tis ſurely mine. And I am ever plunged into endleſs woe, Oh Heaven yet pitty me and give me time for to repent, that with unfeigned ſorrow I may melt thy anger into mercy, with that I burſt into a flood of Tears, which my Celeſtial guide obſerving, bid our Charioter, the ſwift winged wind, to ſtay; the word was no ſooner ſpoke but down he ſet us on a burning Rock of Monſterous height, which over-looked nine ſtreams of torrent fire, which ancient Poets have named *Phlegeton*, here we ſtood but had no hurt at all, nor did the fire methinks

caſt

caſt any greater heat then the full blazing Sun in *June*, or *Auguſt*, when the dog-ſtar rages moſt and with his Ardour turns the Ponds and Lakes to duſt, at this I took ſome comfort when my guide thus mildly ſpake. Let no diſmay nor any diſmal thought afflict your Soul, for under my Protection you are ſafe nor can you ſuffer harm: theſe words methought ſounded like the ſix Letters P-a-r-d-o-n to a condemned Malifactor, at the place of Execution. For I before did give my ſelf for gone, this beam of comfort ſhot into my heart which fear had made as cold as lead, and warmed it ſo of a ſuddain that now my Tongue ſtring was unlooſed, and I had ſo much courage as to ſpeak, when I thus addreſſed my ſelf, (but yet with all ſubmiſſive reverence) O thou of Heavenly birth, but of what order in the happy Realms of Light whither a *Seraphim*, or *Cherub*, or ſome higher power, I know not: who haſt through all theſe dangers brought me ſafe unto this place, and given me your word for my Protection, tell me where I am or to what end ſerve theſe ſurrounding fires, why theſe horrors or why came we hither: I would have proceeded

but

but he intercepting me, said, this is Hell the place of Everlasting woe: (Hell quoth I) and started at the very name, which struck such a damp into my heart that I again was almost in an agony: Yes, Hell said he, and here you shall behold the Industry of the Infernal powers, in League with all that *Rome* calls hers, or in their foreheads or their hands do bear the Scarlet beasts proud mark.

To broach the horridest Plot, and diabolick Stratagems that since the proud reformer of the skies, and his rebellious Angels were hurld head-long down into these dark aboads, the peirceing sightedest Angel ever view'd. Plot said I, but against whom? I hope these fallen Spirits are not so weak or fooliſh, as to flatter themselves with the regaining of their former aboads by making use of the *Popes* keys to unlock the bright Christalin Gates, which ever wakeful Angels gaurds: No, no, said he, that cannot be with any reason Immagined, the Infernal Spirits are too wise to be deluded by such fallacies, though that old doatard and deceiver of the Nations has long time abused the World with such a claim, but it is by Murthers

and

and ſuch cruelties as would amaze the race of man, that they would enlarge their Empires, by ruining and laying waſte thoſe happy Kingdoms that I have in charge, the Sum of which we will behold, whilſt he who ſits in Heaven laughs their rage to ſcorn.

Which ſaid, he bid the wind ſtretch out his wings, who through the diſmal gloome over the nine roaling ſtreams of Sulpherous fire, conveyed us in few moments, where in a ſpacious plain of vaſt extent, a ſtately pallace ſtood, yet dreadful to behold, for on each Pinacle a *Demon* ſtood with blazing Eyes, and Noſtrils breathing ſmoake, the Walls were ſollid fire, and all the Gates of living Flame fed with Eternal Brimſtone; Mines, that ne'r conſume gaurded round with *Bazilicks*, *Hiænas*, *Amphisbænas*, *Hydras*, *Harpys*: And a thouſand monſterous forms of Serpents, dire and dreadful to behold.

But long I had not viewed this wonder, but I heard a voice as loud if poſſible as the laſt Trumpets ſound, which cryed, make way for the *Great Counſel of Infernal Peers and their attendants*, when a confuſed murmer roſe much like to halfſpent thunder, or as Seas inraged by

Tempeſts

Tempests send to Shore when they dash their foaming waves against some hollow Rock; which had not long continued, but a thousand Torches sprung up as from the lake, by whose light I could discern an innumerable company Marching towards us, treading their steps in order as has oft been seen in *Rome*; At a grand prosession when the well fed Clergy imitateing *Fryday* faces, with their bald pates following Tapers through the streets with deadmens Sculls, pretending them to be St. *Peters* and St. *Pauls*, the better to deceive the *Mobile*. And hush them in their superstitious Ignorance, that so they may the easier be induced to satisfy their avarice and luxuries, who live upon the Credits of such holy Cheats, which the unthinking Layity on pain of being double damn'd are forced to swallow down. So a far off the huge *Demonick* forms appeared, but coming nearer I beheld their gastly visages, when upon Seats the chiefs sat down, whilst the rest were circumfused; a Scepter in his right, and in his left a fiery Globe the tallest held, who after silence made with voice as loud as Cannons roar,

Thus

Thus ſpake, ye powers of darkneſs, Sons of everlaſting night ſince our firſt fall, that it has been our greateſt buſineſs to oppoſe the power which hurried us down from our aboads of bliſs into this deep abiſs. I think none preſent will deny, and ſince we could not reach him in his Empirean, where Armed with Thunder he ſecurely ſits upon his Throne, our whole endeavours have been bent to ruin this his new Creation, and tumble down his upſtart Favorit-man, who by his being high advanced in Heavens favour, dares provoke our utmoſt envy, nor unſuckſeſsful have our ſtrong Temptations been, witneſs the *Legions* that have loſt their hope, and taken up their Habitations with us in this diſmal Gloom, Murthers, Treaſons, Subvertions and Civil Wars, are our chief Harbengers, next them Ambition, Envy, Fraud, Perjury, Diſtruſt, breach of League and ſuch like, the which our ſubtil Agents that are ſent abroad to wing the Air, do duly breath into the breſt of men, who either for gain or gratifying their revenge put them in Execution, and cumber Earth with ruin, reaping our harveſt ready to our hands; nor are our eldeſt Sons of *Rome* leaſt active,

active, what is it that they have not dared when prompted on by us, what Seas of blood have they refused to shed, what Treason have they not designed, or rather put in practice; these are the Princes of the Church which I entirely love, who for 1100 years have diped their Robes in Sanguin, and waged perpetual War against our Enemy, 'tis true the ten Emperours of which my servant *Nero* was the chief, did wonders for our sake, destroying about 1100000, that refused to harken unto us, or worship our Images.

But these *Miriads* of thousands whose numbers want a name, these are the perfect Patterns of our selves, who have sold themselves to do us service, these are they that smilling kill, and laugh aloud to see unborn Infants torn from the bleeding womb; had it not been for these our Empire had wanted more then half the Inhabitants that now it does possess, these are they who for new invented Torments, baffle Hell and make us stand amaz'd at their witty horror, therefore it is but meet that we assist them to our utmost power; Since in assisting them we do but work our own revenge against such as oppose us,

us, and ſeeing the Kingdoms of the North, are they who durſt ſhake of our yoak and liſt themſelves under the Banner of our Almighty foe, 'tis fit we bend our utmoſt wrath to their deſtruction, and once more help our Eldeſt born to wave his bloody Enſigns in their proudeſt Cities, nor can there be any fitter or better qualified then this my preſent Son for ſuch an undertaking, but now perhaps ſome will object we have been foiled already in this affair, and all our Counſels brought to nought, I grant we have, but will that Captain whoſe numerous Hoaſt beleaguers a ſtrong Cittadel, for one ſucksſeſleſs ſtorm in which he's beaten off diſpair of winning, and ſtraight raiſe the Seige, no but thoſe Walls who can reſiſt a firſt and ſecond Battery, a third may tumble down; then why may not we upon maturer Counſel yet prevail againſt our foes; a Tryal is reſolved, the *Pope* ſhall know my mind, and i'le inſpire him with infernal rage, and Counſel him to carry on the work, which task I know with joy he'l undertake, what then remains, but that we ſummons death to know how far he will aſſiſt us in the buſineſs, If he give his conſent the Conqueſt is our own.

This

This said, he stop'd, when from his brazen lungs each Spirit sent a hum in token of applause, which like a peal of Cannons, rent the Air condnse and rouſed the livid flames.

Silence was scarcely made when a ruefaced Devil (who seemed to be Antiquity it self, and might for age according to my Apprehension have been great Granfather to the whole Assembly, roaling his hollow Eyes, which like two dying Lamps sometimes cast less, and sometimes greater Light) rising softly from his Seat bowed to *Lucifer*, for by this time I had heard his name that lately spake, when standing a while recolected within himself he thus began. It is well known to all this great assembly that in business of vast concern Relating to this Empire, my Counsels have often availed, though it is true and I confess that our Almighty foe has sometimes rendered them of *Non-effect*, for what created being Mortal or Immortal can perfect ought without his sufference, by his high sufference I tempted man allmost as soon as he was made, and since through all the Ages of the world have been Industerous to procure Inhabitants to people, this our waistful Empire,

and

and have at ſundry times by ſeveral Artifices, and a world of pains prevailed with ſome Millions to take up their aboads with us, who then with willing feet trod the broad path that leads unto our Gates, and crouded hard to get entrance though now they wiſh themſelves far hence, and exclaim againſt my guilded baits that once they ſwallowed down with greedineſs.

Therefore if my advice at this time be of any waight, our deſigned ends muſt be obtained by ſlights, and not by open force for by being perſecuted our foes grow obſtenate, and fly our Yoak the more, and like *Hydras* heads the more we Lop the more they do increaſe; but to indulge them in ſweet pleaſures give Hypocricy the reins, and huſh them in ſome darling ſin will be a means to make Heavens wrath wax hot againſt them, and conſume them to our hands ſo moved I *Balaam* to Counſel, *Balack* when the *Mediantiſh* Woman cauſed him to deſtroy his choſen Sons, which all the *Cannonitiſh* Armys could not ſtand before.

For standing waters will corrupt we know,
When those keep pure that daily Ebb and
(Flow:

Thus *Sathan* said (for so my guide informed me he was called in Hell) which being said he gravely sat expecting loud aplause: But none approving what he said his Expectation failed, when all on a suddain the whole assembly were disturbed by a squaking noise, and chattering in the Porch occasioned by certain Animals in the shape of *Monks* and *Baboons*, standing upon their hinder feet with long Cloaks cast about 'um, which *Lucifer* perceiving demanded what they were, answer was made that they were Fidlers, and Bag-pipe Players who wanting Employment in the other world had hanged themselves, and now were come to offer their service to his Highness But *Lucifer* being much offended at their boldness commanded that they should be hung up by the Heels over *Accaron*, and there feed upon Cats-guts and *Ox* bladders for a moneth or two, for a Terrible Example to all that after should presume to disturb that grand Assembly, this sentance

was

was no ſooner paſt but the poor Catifs were halled away by a Company of Dog-whipers, that attended at the gate and all-though they hung an arſe, and made a thouſand ugly faces yet no body ſo much as pittied them, one of the Bag-pipers being a *Scotch*-man pull'd out the *Covenant*, and deſired that it might be Read in his behalf alledging he had done his Highneſs more ſervice in perſwading people to adhere to it, and damn themſelves by renouncing their Allegiance, and taking up Rebellious Arms againſt their lawful Prince; then er'e a *Pope* of 'um all that for their ſervice he obſerv'd had got prómotion therefore he ought to have civiller uſeage, ſeeing he had taken ſuch a journey to viſit his Highneſs, as for the *Popes* Bulls, ſays he, it's true they have done agreat deal of miſchief in the World, but now they are grown ſtale and people will be Bug-bear'd with 'um no longer.

But the *Covenant* is wraped up in the very mantle of Hipocricy, and can inſenſibly ruin Kingdoms; he would have proceeded. But *Pope Julius* the ſecond who ſat as one of the Clarks of the Counſel, hearing him undervalue the Actions of the *Popes*, and pretend he

had out done them in wickedneſs, Starts up in a great rage and addreſſed himſelf to *Lucifer*, My Lord ſaid he, will you ſuffer this Louſy Bag-piper to upbraid your faithful ſervants at this rate, and compare his deſerts with ours, it is not unknown to your Highneſs what I my ſelf have done what Havock I made in *Europe* whilſt I held the *Papacy*: and by the Wars I raiſed and carried on in ſix years ſpace 200000 fell a Sacrifice to my revenge: as *Bononia*, *Ravenna*, *Venentia*, *Servia*, *Imolia*, *Fauentia*, and other Cities can Witneſs whoſe ſtreets I overflowed with blood, and turned their ſtately Piles into aſhes, nor was there any ſin that my Invention could ſuggeſt, which I did not put in practice. And yet for all this, ſays the Bag-piper ſnaping him up haſtily, you was but a wherry ſlave a little before you came to the *Popedom*. To which *Julius* frowning with diſdaine (as being througly inraged at the diſgrace the Bag-piper had put upon him in the full aſſembly) replyed Villan dare you argue thus with me at whoſe name the World once trembled. O that I had but St. *Peters* Keys, which I threw into the River *Tiber* when I went to

War

War on the *Venetians* how I would maule the with 'um. But as it is thou ſhalt not ſcape *Pope Julius*'s revenge, which ſaid, er'e any could prevent him he leaped over the Table, which the Bag-piper obſerving threw down his Pipes, and put himſelf into a poſture of defence: So that they were at it hand to fiſt e're one could ſay what's this. The *Popes* ſeeing their Brother hard put to it made themſelves ready, and came to his Aſſiſtance which the Fidlers, and the reſt of the Bag-pipers noteing threw of their Cloaks, as reſolving not to ſee their Companion wronged, So that in a moment all was in a hurly burly, and the Schirmiſh grew hot for to the Aſſiſtance of the *Popes* came runing the *Cardinals*, *Abbots*, *Priors*, *Jeſuits*, *Dominicans*, *Franciſcans*, *Carmalites*, *Fryars* white, black and gray. As likewiſe a number of Cut-throats, and Ruffains who had faithfully ſerved them on Earth, and now were reſolved to ſtand by them while on the other ſide came skiping in the Danceing Maſters, Players upon the Organs, Flagelet, Recorder, and *Jews* Trump, Actors, Soneters, Singing-Maſters; and a number of the like faculty.

So that all Hell had been embroyled in a civil War, had not *Lucifer* commanded a Brigade of old Stump footed Devils (who are ſtiled his *Janazaries*) to run in between them with red hot Muck-forkes, which cauſed them to unloſe their holds; but notwithſtanding their utmoſt endeavours: long it was e're they could part them, and longer e're ſilence could be made; all the place where they fought was ſtrewed with the ruins of Triple Myters, Myters, Croiſers, Copes, Cooles, Beads, Croſſes, Bulls, Pardons, Indulgences, and ſuch like Trumpery; as likewiſe with broken Fidles, Bag-pipes, Ho-boys, *Rara*-ſhoes, and Fidlers Cloaks, for in the skirmiſh all went to wrack, ſo that Hell ſeemed a *Chaos* of confuſed medly; this up-roar was ſo highly reſented by *Lucifer* and the reſt of the Aſſembly, that he Inſtantly commanded the aforementioned puniſhment to be inflicted on the Fidlers, Bag-pipers, and ſome of the forwardeſt of their Aſſiſtants; nor would he ſuffer them to make any defence, but away they were halled by a Legion of *Harpies*, that ſtood ready to Torment them; as for the *Popes* they were doomed to ſtand in the Pillory, to have

all

all their Trumpery burnt under their Noſes, and to be baniſhed the Counſel for ten days, as a terrible Example to all that ſhould hereafter dare the like; nor did it avail them, though they pleaded their paſt ſervices, and reckoned up ſo many Murthered Princes, and ſuch other blood-ſheads, by Maſſacrees and open Wars, as made me tremble; all which they ſaid they had done more for the advancing of thoſe dark Dominions, then to ſatisfy their own Ambition, Avarice, or Revenge, but that was proved to the contrary by many convincing Arguments, and the Sentence ordered to ſtand Irevocable; So that at the Signal given by *Lucifer*, a black gaurd belonging to *Deme-gorgon* hurried them thence, whilſt a little fry of *Demons*, about the bigneſs of *Pigmies*, ſcraped together the riff-raff to make the bone-fire withal.

Theſe proceedings ſo terrified thoſe that came out of Curioſity to ſee the fray, that claping their Tayls between their Legs they ſneaked away for fear they ſhould have been brought in for a ſnack. So that by this time all was ſtill, and there was ſilence for a good quarter, during which ſpace, I had time

to look about me, and more narrowly to view the Scituation of the place, and beheld it on all ſides horrible; then looking ſtedfaſtly upon the Aſſembly, I counted twenty four with Crownets upon their heads, and Maces in their Pawes, for ſo they ſeemed rather then hands; theſe my guide informed me were the Princes of the Air, and of darkneſs and had once been *Seraphim* and *Cherubs*, in the happy Realms of light, he had no ſooner ſpoke but all at once, as if they had heard what he ſaid, turned their Eyes upon us which ſparkled fire, and ſhot, red Lightning glares full at us where we ſat ſurcumfuſed with miſt, or rather wraped up in a cloud, at which I ſtarting cried let us hence for now they diſcern us; and we ſhall have 'um all about our ears preſently, for paſt doubt they take us for Spies: No, nō, ſaid my guide, you need not fear for no impure Spirits Eyes can peirce this Vail, nor ſee ought that's involved in it; Nay, then quoth I, if it be ſo we are ſafe enough, and will not yet remove, I had no ſooner ended but in came too old Devils who had it in charge to ſee the late Sentences put in Execution, and gave the Court

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an account of what they had done, well ſaid *Lucifer* (ſmilling horribly) and how did the *Popes* behave themſelves in their ſufferings, I'le warrant ye they thought much on't; May it pleaſe your Highneſs ſaid the *Devil* that had the puniſhing of them, you are in the right, I thought they would have overturned the Rock on which we faſtened them; they raiſe ſuch a whirwind with curſing, and baning the fates that had deſtined them to ſuch hard Fortune, and railing againſt your Highneſs, ſwearing that you had not kept your word with 'um, and that if they might live upon Earth again, they would not be ſo zealous to promote your Intereſt as they had been, but would inſtruct people to avoid your ſnares all they could; I, that is, ſaid *Lucifer*, when they obtain their wiſh, but we have 'um too ſhure for their ever returning to tell Tailes, or prejudice our Intereſt in ought; but which of them were they that durſt preſume to open their mouths againſt me? Name them, I ſay, that we may know 'um hereafter: why, an it ſhall pleaſe you, ſaid the Devil, making a long ſcrape with his cloven Foot, *Julius* the ſecond, *Innocent* the third, *Baniface* the eighth,

eighth, *Pius Quintus*, and *Pope Joan*; 'tis well, ſaid *Lucifer*, and do theſe Varlets repine at their uſage here? Do they not think it was enough that they were ſerved by us, and raiſed by our means to the greateſt preferments whilſt they lived, but that they muſt think we will bear with their Inſolencies here likewiſe: No, they have had their time, and we have gained our Ends, and therefore it is fit that now they ſhould ſerve us, and that we ſhould teach them better manners; for ſhould we ſuffer them to have their wills, they would do us more harm here then they have advantaged us elſe where; therefore haſt and ſee they be not taken down till this Aſſembly break up: then calling to the Devil who had it in charge to torment the Fidlers and Bagpipers, he demanded how they behaved themſelves? Very patiently, ſaid the Devil, not ſo much as giving your Highneſs a hard word, only wiſhing that they had never been ſo in love with Hemp as to make themſelves *Cravat*-ſtrings on't, the which had they not done they had not made ſuch haſt hither, which now they repented ſeeing they found no better Entertainment;

And

And further they deſired me to become an humble Interceſſor for them to your Highneſs, that part of their puniſhment might be remitted: well, ſaid *Lucifer*, ſeeing they are ſo ſubmiſs, let them be taken down at ſix days end, but not before, as you will anſwer it at your perril; for now I remember the *Covenant* which the Bag-piper offered to our Conſideration; together with the late Solemn League have been much available to us in many Caſes, ſince the *Popes* Bulls have been layed aſide in the Kingdoms of the North: but this bnſineſs has held us too long from the grand Affairs for which this great Aſſembly were conven'd: this ſaid, he commanded the Devil to withdraw, and do as he was bid; at which, without returning any Anſwer, he departed.

When *Moloch* riſing from his ſeat all grim and terrible, with looks that threaten'd furious Deſtruction, thus began; 'tis not unknown to this Aſſembly that my chief delights in blood, then let none wonder if my Councels ſavour ſtill of death; I am for Murthers, Maſſacries, and diſolation: to me it was the *Iſralites* firſt made their Children paſs through fire, and glutted my noſtrils

ſtrils with their humain Sacrifices, and ſtill nought pleaſes me but ſteaming gore; what avails it to have our ſervants come droping one by one, or two or three at a time, when melloved by old age, or ſome untimely fate, they fall; but Rivers of blood are the ſtreams through which 10000 Swim to us at once: Admit it ſhould happen as my brother *Satan* Objects, that perſecution ſhould yet harden our Enimies againſt us, and make them fly to our Almighty foe for ſuccour, yet in the conflicts many thouſands of the Murtherers muſt look to fall, and they paſt doubt muſt take up their aboads with us; So that howſoever the game goes, we ſhall be winners; therefore as your Highneſs has Intemated, let death be ſummoned, for without him, 'tis true, we cannot work our Ends.

He ended frowning, and all but *Sathan* highly approved of what he ſaid, not doubting but the King of Terrors would joyfully aſſiſt them in their Enterprize, ſo that by *Lucifers* appointment, *Loyala Ignatius* the firſt, Inventor of the order of the *Jeſuits*, was called, as being thought the fitteſt perſon for to undertaken the meſſage, by reaſon of the former

former acquaintance he had had with the pale-faced Tyrant, and the Obligations he had laid upon him by his and his Sons, ſo often ſtuffing his grim jaws with Royal morſels, which they by Sword or Poiſon brought to untimely ends: He was no ſooner called, but he came running in with a Dagger in his hand (as not having forgot his ſtabing Trade, though in Hell) and boldly demanded what they would; *Loyola*, ſaid *Belial*, it is our pleaſures that you bear our Letters and Credentials to the Shades of Death, which lie beyond the huge Convex of fire, wide to the Northward of the Frozen Hills, beat with continual Tempeſts of dire Hail; the place you cannot miſs for by its barronneſs 'tis known, for neither Tree nor Herb, or ought that's vegitable, can be found within the gloom where his dread pallace ſtands; and that you deliver them to the King of Terror, and inform him 'tis great *Lucifers* requeſt that he haſte with ſpeed to be preſent at the great Aſſembly of infernal Peers, held at *Pandamonium*, about buſineſs of vaſt Importance that concerns his Empire.

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I am all Obedience, reply'd *Ignatius*, and as for the directions where to find him, you might have ſpared your ſelf the trouble, for I am ſo well aquainted with his Manſion, that none can know it better then my ſelf, having ſo often had occaſion to uſe him whilſt I was upon Earth: all my fear is, that he is gone to roame about the World for prey, and that I ſhall not find him at home, the which if I do, doubt not but I'le return with him in my company e're *Accaron* begins to flow.

This ſaid, he mounted on a *Dragons* back, who riſing with his broad wings, drove the Air around him like a whirlwind, and ſhaved the diſmal twylight, till in the gloom of Pitchy Clouds arriſing from the Lake, we loſt the Object of our ſight: when as *Aſmodai*, the Devil of Letchery, bowing o're his Scepter, roaſe, advancing high his horred front, then ſhaking back the curling Snakes that hiſſed upon his brows, he thus began. Princes of Air, and regents of Eternal Gloom, my opinion yet is wanting, which I think is no ways Imaterial in carrying on this great deſign, for if the King of Terrors dare refuſe to lend his Aid by my advice,

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we may prevail in ſome meaſure without him: 'tis well known to all that here Aſſemble, what hazards I have run, and how have been afflicted, witneſs that time when *Tobit's* Son bereft me of my ſpouſe, and with his fiſhy fume drove me from *Aſſyria* into *Egypt*, where roaling in the read Sea I lay bound nine years: t'was I that cauſed the *Sodomites* to burn with Execrable luſt, till Heaven provoked with ſuch abomination, plunged them with a fiery Tempeſt down to Hell: I cauſed *Pope Innocent* the third to diſanul all Marriage in the Clergy, and to ſet up ſtews at *Rome*, by which he gained 40000 Crowns yearly payed by 20000 Strumpets, whoſe continual Trade was to ſuffice the Lecherous *Cardinals*, *Biſhops*, *Abbots*, *Priors*, and inferior Prieſts, that dayly did reſort to wait upon him.: I ſtirred up *Pope Paul* the third, to Poiſon his Mother, to murther his Siſters Huſbands, in order to the knowing inceſteouſly his own Daughters, Siſters, Neeces, and in general all his female kindred: No Nunery at auy time has eſcaped my Temptations, nor any Nation ever fled my Yoak; therefore if death refuſe us, his Aſſiſtance as to a general Maſſacre,

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I'le let but looſe the reins of this ſweet ſin, and it will do our work; that is, If we with *Romiſh* Prieſt, like locuſt, can over ſpread the Land by them, at leaſt the women we ſhall gain; nor will they ſtick to dip their hands in blood, if prompted on by them; the women gained, they ſoon will gain the men. He would have proceeded, but *Lucifer* interrupting him, ſaid, that his Counſel he muſt confeſs was to the purpoſe, in the ſecond place, and had been very profitable; but now, ſays he, we are for a quick harveſt, which as *Molech* obſerved, will fill our Store houſes preſantly; nor in ſuch a general devaſtation, will that or any other ſin be left unpractiſed.

Yes, yes, ſaid *Aſmodai*, in the ſecond place only I would have it taken notice off; he had no ſooner ſpoak, but we beheld a horrid ſhade aproach, which being within keen, ſtood ſtill, when out of it iſſued death Triumphant riding on his pale Horſe, adorned with ſpoils of Emperours and Kings, upon his head a Crown of Gold he wore, his Robes were crimſon, double died in blood, and droping wet with Widows and ſad Orphans Tears: to prepare his way,

before

before him went War, Peſtelence, Famine, Murthers, Aſſaſſinations, and the like, whilſt round about him Poiſonous Serpents roaled, and every mortal Bane, in his right hand a dreadful dart he held, and in his left a large vollum, which contained the number he had conquered ſince his Reign began: after him came *Ignatius* riding upon his Dragon, death was no ſooner alighted, but he gave him his Horſe to hold, as if he had been his foot-boy; at which I began to wonder how they came ſo well aquainted, but when I had called to mind what he had ſaid before, my wonder ceaſed, as likewiſe remembring that to this day the whole order of the *Jeſuits* are his ſworn ſervants, and delight in nothing more then to perform his drudgery: he no ſooner entered *Pandæmonium*, but all the Princes of Hell aſſembl'd there, roſe from their ſeats to welcom him, which he taking little notice off, without ſo much as returning them one Complement, ſat him down, and with a voice that ſounded Terrible, demanded what they would, and wherefore they had ſent for him.

Great King, ſaid *Lucifer*, to know how far you will aſſiſt us in an Enter-

prize, which concerns not only this our Empire, but will add a Million to your Conqueſts, and glut you with ſo huge a ſlaughter as may well ſuffice you for an age, whilſt that you gorge your hungry Maw with ſlain, and ſuck up ſtreams of blood like water; when I heard him begin to talk of a Maw, I looked more wiſhfully upon death, yet never a man could I ſee, nor any thing like a Maw, though as one may ſay, I looked quite through him, for to apperance he ſeemed no other then a Skeleton, or the bones of a man when the *Crows* have picked all the fleſh off; yet when he heard *Lucifer* mention ſlaughter, he grinn'd horribly, a gaſtly ſmile, and demanded where ſo much pray might be found as could ſuffice him for a breakfaſt? I muſt confeſs, ſaid he, I had once a ſupper in *Paris* of at leaſt 20000, but ſince the days of *Charles* the ninth I have not met with ſuch a Meal: Nay, ſaid *Molock*, if youl but undertake the buſineſs, you will meet with far better Commons then you met with there? (qd. Death) if it be not forbidden by him that limits my power, if he will but give me leave you need not queſtion my willingneſs, for truly,

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ſaid he, I have not had ſo much Proviſion of late but I could very well have diſpenced with more when the Campaigns were abroad; indeed I now and then ſnaped up 1000, or 1500 now and then, but ſince I have been forced to ramble from place to place, and be content with an old Women or two: well, ſaid *Lucifer*, to be ſhort, we deſign the utter ſubverſion of the Northern Iſles, which upon deliberate conſideration we find cannot be effected without a general Maſſacree; if you agree to it, my eldeſt Son of *Rome*, whoſe power depends on me, ſhall undertake to perfect it. Like enough ſo, quoth death, he is the fitteſt fellow you could have pitched upon for ſuch a work, next my ſelf; why then, quoth *Molock*, we may go on and proſper: not ſo by your favour Sir, ſaid death, for I'le have no hand in the buſineſs. How's that? No hand in it, quoth *Lucifer*; no Sir not one ſtroak will I ſtrike if the *Pope* can do it without my aſſiſtance, let him proceed, but I fear he will miſs his Mark, and I ſhall be commiſſioned to cut his thread of life e're he effect it.

Nay, but let your Majeſty give us ſome reaſon why you will not undertake this grand affair, quoth *Belial*, and we ſhall be better ſatisfyed.

Truly, ſaid death, I very ſeldom give any reaſon, for I do, or refuſe to do, but ſince you are deſirous to know and are all my near kinſmen; (Nay, as for *Satan*, he is my own Father, though he now refuſes to acknowledg me for his Son; he it was that begot me e're my mother ſin could bring me forth.) Therefore i'le declare the cauſe why I decline this buſineſs; when *Satan* heard him claim him for his Father, and ſaw the Aſſembly ſmile, he ſtarted up and would have ſpoak ſome what, but death interupting him went on,) know then, ſaid he, my task is ſtill aſſign'd me, and the wiſe Omnipotent who bounds my power (leaſt I ſhould deſtroy what ever breaths on Earth) has coupled me with time, and ordered him to ſet out all my work, who is ſuch a penurious old fellow, that he feeds me very ſparingly, and ſo peviſh withal, that there is no ſpeaking to him to alter his pace or mend his hand, nor dare I any ways offend him, becauſe I know his

his pow'r over me, and that he will one day deſtroy me and my Mother ſin, diſpoiling us of all our Trophies, lay Creation waſte, and then himſelf will be no more but ſwallowed up in vaſt Eternity and there for ever loſt; what's this to the purpoſe, ſaid *Lucifer*, (and frown'd to be ſo trifled with) this is no anſwer to the queſtion, nor have you as yet given any reaſon why you refuſe, perhaps their time is come and you may'nt know on't; No, no, ſaid death, they are not as yet ſo much out of Heavens favour as to be given up to us: a Tryal, ſaid *Belzebub*, will make it appear, but how elſe we can be ſatisfied I know not: why then, ſaid death, you muſt take my word for it, and be ſatisfied as I was, which was thus, and pray take it for an Oracle, for youl find it true.

When late to ſeek for prey, I roam'd the Gloom,
Whilſt Church-yards yean'd and ghoſts for-ſook (each Tomb:
Above all powers, I ſaw the King of Kings
Sit high inthroan'd on bright Cherubims wings;
Who with a voice like thunder, death he ſaid,
I heard him call, and ſtrait his voice obey'd:
Then bowing with ſubmiſſion, asked his will?
I am, ſaid he, that pow'r which all things fill

My Eyes that in the world run too and fro,
Have view'd the Counsels of the fiends below;
And see how they design to League with thee,
The Nations to consume by Massacree;
But join not with them, least my anger burn,
And with wing'd thunders thee to nothing turn;
If you refuse obedience, none shall save,
Before thy time with thee I'le glut the grave;
He added not, nor need he, for my Soul
Strange terror felt, Heaven shoak from Pole to Pole,
Creations hindges felt Almighty waight,
And bent beneath, whilst he ascends in state:
Thus you may see my doom is fix'd, if I
But disobey, and with your wills comply;
Those that appointed are to fall, be sure
No pow'r on Earth one moment shall secure;
But I too long delay, time calls I know,
And I with speed must to my business go.

He had no sooner ended, but taking his Horse from *Ignatius*, he mounts, and commanded all his attendants to advance and recover the dismal shade which like Egyptian darkness blacken'd all the plains of Hell, nor would he stay to hear one word more, but entering his secret pavillion, it with whirlwinds speed withdrew and passed o're many a fiery *Alp*, till we quite lost the object, nor could our Eyes persue it farther: Now whilst the Infernal Counsel sat as it were confounded; I turned

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to my guide and ſpake thus: I ſee, ſaid I, death has given them but a ſhort Anſwer, and is not ſo great a friend to the Devil as I Imagined he was: No, no, quoth he, for Heaven holds him in a chaine, nor dare he tranſgreſs againſt the Divine will, but is Heavens Meſſenger of vengeance to plague the Sons of men for their diſobedience: Nor have the Spirits Impure any pow'r to hurt, but by the high ſufferance of their Creator. He had no ſooner ſaid, but *Lucifer* (whoſe countenance with anger and diſdain looked terrible) began: O Peers, with whom nought but Almighty force is able to contend, why ſuffer you your ſelves to be thus diſmayed? What if death refuſe, or that our Almighty foe has taken thoſe into his Protection we would hurt, have not we the ſame Immortal vigor to do evil ſtill, as we have had through the many ages of the World; then let us ſcorn his Aid, and muſter all our rage, redouble our fury, and encreaſe our ſpite the more, till ſuch a Tempeſt riſe as may unhinge the Globe and Shipwrack all mankind; So that in the univerſal ruin they may fall as Sacrifices to our revenge; who knows but that this Arm

may be of equal force with his that ſhakes the dreadful dart, and prove as fatal to the Lives of men; or if it be not, a Tryal will not be a miſs, for none can know his ſtrength untryed; therefore 'tis my reſolve that ſpeedily we ſend to *Rome* and let the *Pope* know what we do intend, that he may fit his Engeneers with Implements ſufficient to undermine the Walls of this beloved *Vinyard*; and then at once wee'l let in the wild Bores of the Forreſt to deſtroy her vines and trample the full Cluſters under feet: he ended frowning and his Eyes ſparkl'd, whilſt his boſom ſwel'd with hellish rage, and now each one aproved what he ſaid, nor did *Satan* offer now to contradict or gainſay ought he ſpoak: when riſing with a port Majeſtick, he proudly bid the Trumpet ſound to proclaim the great aſſembly diſolv'd, whoſe ſound was Anſwered by a univerſal ſhout from all the hoaſt of Hell, which made its deep foundation tremble; at which noiſe I ſtartling, woak, and found my ſelf repoſed, where firſt I lay'd me down, and that the Sun declining in the Weſt, was almoſt ſet; long was it e're I could perſwade my ſelf it was a dream, but

but at laſt between joy and fear, I thus expreſſed my ſentements:

Great God, what means theſe rovings of my Soul,
What dreadful fancies on ſweet ſlumber roal?
What have I ſeen, or fancy'd that I ſaw?
I ſtart to think ſuch forms no art can draw;
The powers of darkneſs and Eternal night,
Death, and what e're can us poor mortals fright;
There muſt be ſomething in't, my Heavenly guide
Where art thou gone, O where doeſt thou abide?
Appear, appear, and waking let me know
The truth of what thou in a dream didſt ſhow;
My heart forbids; O Heav'n, avert the fate,
And with thy Arm protect both Church and (State.

This ſaid I walked home, pondering upon what my fancy had obſerved, and was much diſturbed in mind for many days.

THE

THE Second Viſion OF *Popiſh* CONSPIRACIES,

HAving wrote my firſt Viſion as near to what I had ſeen and heard as my memory would give me leave, and ſitting me down in a great Chare to peruſe what I had written; a thouſand fancies began to Muſter in my head in Relation to what I read; one while I concluded it to be only the effects of Melancholly, to which I was very much Subject; an other while to be cauſed by fumes or vapours that might ariſe from ill digeſtion; a third, that the Soul which never ſlumbers, but with an Eternal wake, ſtill roaves through the vaſt Limits of Creation, might ſteal from it's Manſion of clay,

clay, whilſt it lay huſh'd in the Arms of ſoft repoſe, and take a reall proſpect of thoſe dark aboads where this amazing Scean was lay'd: For although I, waking found it to be but a dream, yet (remembring how holy writ makes mention of many wonderful things that were reveal'd in Viſion, and how moſt Viſions have their Interpretations) I could not perſwade my ſelf but there muſt be ſomthing more then ordinary in it; and the rather, becauſe I could not put it out of my mind, but the more I ſtrove to forget it, the more it came into my memory.

Thus while I debated with my ſelf, ſleep (that Emblem of death, which no mortal can at all times reſiſt) came faſt upon me, ſo that after two or three nods, I let my Papers drop, and leaning back, had all my ſences faſt lockt up with *Morpheus* leaden Key, (or as the *Poets* will have it) charmed with the opiate Rod of *Herm's*; when all on a ſuddain I fancied my ſelf to be in a ſpacious Medow, on whoſe fragrant paſture many beaſts were feeding; among which, to my great Admiration, a very ſtrong but neat lim'd Horſe with wings; bleſs me,

me, ſaid I, what Country is it that affords theſe kind of fledg'd beaſts; I ever till now thought the Painters had deluded us in drawing their Pictures upon ſign boards, and that *Peggaſſus*, which *Ovid* informs us *Perſeus*, was wont to ſcower the Air upon, had been but a Fiction; So that with a longing deſire to be better ſatisfied, I drew nearer and nearer till I came up to him, when methought he was ſo far from ſhuning me, that he as it were deſired my company, and on a ſuddain grew very Familliar, ſuffering me to handle him, when lying down, I took the boldneſs to get upon his back, moved thereto by I know not what ſtrange fancy that then came into my head; when on a ſuddain he ſtarting up, took Wing, and riſe at firſt as high as *Eagles* ſoar; then I call'd to mind how *Europia* was ſerved by *Jupiter* when in the ſhape of a white *Bull* he ſwam over the *Helleſpont* with her upon his back; and began to think my caſe was much the ſame, for if I offered to let go my hold, I had fell a thouſand Cubits in decent, ſo that I thought it beſt to hold and ſee what would be the event; when through the Air o're Cities, Towns, Villages, o're Mountains, Hills,

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and ſwelling Seas, I was born; till I came to a great City, which to my appearance was ſeated on ſeven Hills, adorned with many ſtately buildings: here he had no ſooner ſtoopt upon the Wing, ſo near the ground, as I thought I might venter without much danger, but I tumbled off, not a little glad I had recovered Earth again, reſolving not to hazard an other Airy Voyage; when looking round, I ſaw my ſtead ſoaring almoſt out of ſight, which did not in the leaſt trouble me, for I was reſolved to have no more of his ſervice; when walking about half a furlong, I beheld a great concourſe of people, both young and old, ſtanding before a great pair of Gates that opened to a very fine Edifice or building, when coming up I asked one of them what they expected, or what occaſioned ſo many people to meet; he told me it was to ſee his *Holyneſs* and his *Cardinals* go to the *Conclave*: his *Holineſs*, friend quoth I, ſure you mean not the *Pope*; the very ſame, reply'd the fellow: Why, pray friend, ſaid I, what place is this? (*Rome*, ſaid he) Nay then it may be as you ſay, reply'd I, but pray may not a ſtranger that has had a months mind to ſee his *Holineſs*, be admitted

admitted to his preſence? No, ſaid he, 'tis death for any to enter the *Conclave* without Eſpecial leave, but if you will take a turn or two to view the Buildings, by that time he may chance to come forth, and then provided you kneel, you may gaze your fill as he paſſes by in his Chair; his advice pleaſed me very well, and I was reſolved to do as he had dictated, ſo that taking my leave I went round the Conſiſtory, then eſpying a little back door I leaned againſt it to peep through the key hole, when on a ſuddain it flew open, and I fell head long into the withdrawing room, but ſeeing no body there I got up again, and ſhut to the door reſolving to venture a little further, though not without ſome fear by reaſon of what the man had ſaid, I had not gone above twenty paces but I ſtumbled upon a dark Entery; where my Eares were Saluted with the murmurings of humain Voices, ſo that I was ſure of ſome Company, when directing my ſteps towards the place from whence the ſound came, I took very large ſtrides to make the leſs noiſe and prevent diſcovery, for I was half a fraid of being found there, the Entery was very long and ſo dark that

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one could not ſee his hands, but at laſt I got to the end on't where through certain Crevizes day appear'd (to my no little comfort) and I could plainly hear every word that was ſaid on the other ſide the particion, which made me long to be peeping; nor did I defer to give my Eyes that ſatisfaction, when in a very ſpacious Room hung with Tapeſtry, and all manner of Curious Pictures, roofed with Ceeder and Fretwork of Gold, to which was faſtened many a Lamp, conſuming Spicey, Oyls, which caſt a fragrant Smell: I beheld the *Pope* and all his *Cardinals* aſſembled, which was the only ſight that I deſired, and the rather becauſe I was within hearing, ſo that my former Viſion coming freſh into my mind, I imagined to hear ſomewhat Extraordinry, when one of the *Cardinals* ſtarting up ſaid: May it pleaſe your *Holineſs*, when heard you laſt from Hell, ſure it is your Familliars have upon ſome diſguſt broak off their Correſpondence: not ſo, thought I, who knew better the Devils mind at this time then he; I had no ſooner thought, but looking up, I ſaw the Ceeling as it were open, ſo that a ſpacious gapp gave proſpect to the sky, when

when to my great Amazement a humane ſhape decended, the which I had no ſooner viewed, but knew it to be the very ſame I had formerly taken notice of in Hell, under the name and Title of *Ignatius* the firſt Founder of the *Jeſuitick* order; and now knowing I ſhould hear ſomething Extraordinary, I gave the greater attention; he pauſed not, but after two or three Complements (for it ſeems he had not loſt all his manners by being in Hell) he preſented his Pacquet of Letters and Credentials in the name of his great Maſter, which the *Pope* ordered one of the *Cardinals*, that ſat next him, to receive; adding, I ſee now our Brethren of the Land of darkneſs have not altogether forgot us; No, no, ſaid *Ignatius*, you'l find they have not; If your *Holineſs* will but pleaſe to give order for the Reading thoſe Letters; the which he immediately did, and they were delivered to the Secretary in order to be Read; now thought I we ſhall have it out, I had no ſooner thought but they were opened, and the broad Seal of the infernal Empire produced for a Warrant, that they were no ways Counterfeited by any petty Devil; then ſilence being cry'd he thus

began

began to our beloved Sons of *Rome*, the *Pope*, *Cardinals*, and the reſt of their Brethren that are Labourers in our harveſt: and by *ſowing Tears amongſt the Wheat* do us much pleaſure, we ſend in our own name and the names of all the Princes of darkneſs and profound heavyneſs, controulers of the fiery Lake, and Kings of Ghoſts greeting: whereas we have lately been informed by our ſwift Meſſengers that wing the Ayr and ſcowre the World upon the Northern winds, that not only thoſe Kingdoms have revolted from us, but from your Obedience. Likewiſe, which in effect are one and the ſame, and that they daily more and more, endeavour to fortify themſelves againſt us; therefore we have thought it fit to Counſel you as our chief Agents upon Earth, to prevent their growing greatneſs whilſt you may, and to that purpoſe all the Infernal Potentates have been aſſembled, and conclude that nothing leſs then utter Extirpation can prove Effectual, all pity and remorſe muſt be lay'd aſide, both root and branch muſt periſh: Fell but the *Ceeder* and you'l quickly cruſh the ſhrubs, death we have conſulted about the buſineſs; and to be plain with

you he has deny'd his Aid, but let not that diſmay you, be ſecret in what you undertake, and we will oblige the fates to give their aſſiſtance, nor ſhall ours be wanting in a work of ſuch importance, and what pollicies Hell can afford you to bring it about from time to time you ſhall have brought you by the bearer of theſe our Letters and Credentials given at our Pallace of *Pandamonium*, In the 5402, Year of our Reign.

The Secretary (whoſe name as I was told was *Johanes Paulus de Oliva*) had no ſooner read the Letters, but up ſtarts the *Pope* as nimble as a Boy of ſixteen, though he had been ſo cramp'd with the Gout, and ſomething elſe for four years paſt that he could not ſtand upon his Legs, without being ſupported between two of his attendants; well ſaid I the Devils name muſt needs be powerful, if it can make this man ſo ſoon forget his Lameneſs that then began, I think of the man that ſat cracking of Nuts in the Church Porch, when the decriped *Frier* came on pick-pack to Exerciſe the ſuppoſed Ghoſt; but I had not time to think out my thought, before this Hollock began to yelp out a piece

of his mind: Well ſays he, I ſee now our old Friends have not forgot us, this Gentleman ſays he, was the very ſame ſtring I was harping on, and the cauſe of my calling this Cabal (conſult I would ſay) for truly I muſt tell ye Gentlemen, though I am old I delight as much in miſchief as any of my Predeceſſors: O for a bathful of *Heriticks* blood to bath my aged Limbs in: I am perſwaded, nay my Phiſitians have told me that it is the moſt Expedient remedy for my Diſtemper, nay though it coſt me my Triple Myter, and all the Treaſure of the Church to boot; I'le have a hazzard for it, I am ſure I cannot live long by the courſe of nature, and whilſt I do live I'le imploy my Tallent in the Devils ſervice that I may find the kinder Entertainment, when I come to take up my Lodging with him.

This opinion of the *Popes* pleaſed every body preſent, but my ſelf who ſtood behind noon as the old Proverb ſays, not daring to put out my Horns, ſo that it paſſed as infallible (*Nemine Contradicente*) when *Ignatius* giving a ſcrape or two, deſired that he might ſpeak a word or two: Yes, yes, ſaid the

Pope two or three if you pleaſe, and pray Gentlemen give heedful attention to what he ſays, for had he not been a cunning fellow the Devil would never have truſted him with his buſineſs, pray friend ſays he what's thy name, my name ſaid he is *Ignatius* a name not unknown to this venerable Aſſembly; Is't ſo ſaid *Johanes Paulus de Oliva*, why then you were the firſt founder of the order of the *Jeſuits* of which I am General. The ſame ſaid *Ignatius*, and a man of blood from my youth upward; you were the better quallified, ſaid one of the *Cardinals* that ſat next the *Popes* great Toe, to do our Church ſervice, who makes it her diet Drink, eſpecially when ſhe's troubled with a Conſumption, but go on: I being a *Spaniard* by birth and a Souldier of Fortune, (continued he) Traded ſo long in death and ruin, that for cutting of Throats at all advantages, ſtabbing, Poiſoning and burning of Cities, there was none like me; So that having committed at leaſt a thouſand Murthers and outrages in *Italy*, *France*, *Spain*, *Germany*, and other places, I began to grow weary of my Employment, and the rather for fear I ſhould be met with

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at laſt in running ſo many publick hazzards: Whereupon I was reſolved to take up in time, and caſting about for an other Employment, I could find none ſo ſutable to my humour as to maſque my ſelf up in Religion, for that I know would ſerve me as a cloak for all my former Rogeries; when coming to this venerable City, I made my addreſs to *Pope Vrban* the ſixth, who then poſſeſſed the infallable Chair; he finding me a man quallified for his purpoſe, at my requeſt, conſtituted the Order of *Jeſuits*, appointing me their chief, and truly I think all of that Society have to this day poſſeſſed my Spirit by way of Infuſion or Tranſmigration: of the ſervice we have done for this See, I think none preſent can be Ignorant, and what manner of men we are, and what our principles, the world has experienced to its coſt, So that wherever we come the ſentance of the Appocalips may be rightly apply'd; *Woe, woe, be to the Inhabitants of the Earth*, &c.

He would have gone on, but the *Pope* Interrupting him, demanded how all his Friends in Hell ſtood effected, but eſpecially his Predeceſſor that had worn the Triple Myter.

Very well, ſaid *Ignatius*, and at my coming away, the three *Julius'es*, four *Sixtus'es*, the three *Paul'es*, the five *Martins*, the five *Pius'es*, the nine *Bonifaces*, the ten *Leo's*, and ſeveral more, to the number of 150, all your Predeceſſors, who formerly poſſeſſed this Chair and terrified the World with their Paper Pellets; took me by the hand and deſired me to remember their kind love to you, with ſo many Expreſſions of their affections, that I thought I ſhould never have got from them: after I was got almoſt to Hell gate, *Sixtus* the fourth took his heels and ran after me, which I perceiving, made a halt, when coming up to me, quite out of breath, he rounded me in the Ear, leaſt any of the *Hereticks* ſhould hear, and bid me remember him more particularly to you and your *Cardinals*, becauſe he had always a confounded love for St. *Peters* Chair, and conſequently for him that ſat in it; and thoſe that upheld it: entreating you that you would ſtand ſtoutly to your Tackle and down with the *Hereticks*, and not to yield a foot of ground to the proudeſt Prince in Chriſtendom, but to behave your ſelf towards them

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as *Pope Alexander* the third did, when he made *Fredrick* the Emperour his foot-ſtool; uttering this ſentence, whilſt he trod upon his neck, *viz.* *Thou ſhalt walk upon the Serpent and Adder, and tread under thy feet the Lyon and Dragon:* and becauſe the Emperour began to mumble at ſuch uſage, he took him a kick on the chops and made him as mute as a Fiſh; He likewiſe, ſaid he, made *Henry* the ſecond of *England*, and *Lewis* King of *France*, lead his Horſe as his foot Boys, and took the latter a box on the Ear for holding the wrong Stirrup, whilſt his Holyneſs mounted; Be, ſaid he, like *Innocent* the third, who could kick King *John* of *Englands* Crown off at a diſtance, and make him down of his knees and ask him forgiveneſs ea'r he could have it again.

Well, ſaid the *Pope*, (making a ſower face, for by this time I perceived a fit of the Gout was ready to ceaſe him) as to that particular I think I ſhall not be behind hand with the moſt reſolute of them all, if I can compaſs my Aim, either by ſtrength or policy; but pray how are my Predeceſſors diſpoſed of in Hell, that I may be the better acquainted with my uſage, when I come to take

up my Lodging amongst them? Why faith, said *Ignatius*, very well; for they are devided amongst the seaven Devils that are Princes of the infernal *Provinces*, and constituted their Privy Counsellours; For some of them are so expert at mischief that they out do *Lucifer* himself; O, they are such plaguy fellows at polliticks, that the proudest he in Hell dares not disgruntle them for fear they should subvert that Empire, And drive the Devils out bare ars'd to wander in the Air.

That's a dam'd Lye, said I to my self, and had much a do to refrain from bawling it aloud, when I called to mind how *Julius* and his Brethren had been lately served for their presumption, but fearing to be discovered (by reason I had a months mind to hear the proceedings, and considering it was best to sleep in a whole skin, for I had certainly gone to Pot had I been found there) I thought it convenient to hold my peace.

When a huge fat *Cardinal* came in puffing and blowing as if he had been running a race, and after many stammerings, fetching a large hem to clear his wind Pipe, he told u'm that a great

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man in the North (whoſe name at that time I could not Learn, by reaſon they whiſpered it) had been prevailed upon; Is it ſo, quoth the *Pope*, nay then we may have a lucky hit on't, but pray how is it confirmed by Letters from our Correſpondents (quoth the *Cardinal*) which were produced and Read, but the Contents were ſo tedious that I cannot remember the third part on u'm, but only I think the chief heads were, that it was brought to paſs by the contrivance of a Female, whoſe name I could not hear neither; well, well, ſaid the *Pope*, this is one help more then we looked for theſe women are our all in all's, were it not for ſhe Saints we could never perfect our deſigns; O what will not kiſſes, ſweet embraces, gentle ſighs, and amorous glances do, virtue it ſelf is not proof againſt u'm; they will prevail where nothing elſe has force to make impreſſion;

'Tis true, ſaid a *Cardinal* (that had procured a Womans Husband to be murthered at her requeſt, that he might take her to his Concubine) as *Adam*, *Sampſon*, *David*, *Solomon*, *Herod*, *Alexander*, *Antonius*, and a thouſand more can witneſs, who otherwiſe were men

of

of great wisdom and courage; well, well, said the *Pope*, you need not have gone so far for Presidents, most of my Predecessors have been beholding to Women for their Triple Miters, nor did I obtain mine without their aids, he had no sooner ended but I heard a noise, as if the Air had been fann'd with Innumerable wings; when on a suddain the Lamps burnt blew scarcely affording twylight to the place, now thought I a Legion of *Devils* are at hand past doubt, when before one could turn one round, I looked and beheld the Scene was nothing but *Locust* of the bottomless Pit, which seem to be wraped in Clouds of smoak; as for the *Pope* and his attendants, I observed that by the little notice they took of them, either their Eyes were dim, and they could not see them, or else the sight was so usual that it was no ways held Prodigeous but by their winking, I could guess that the smoak was troublesom to their Eyes, and ever and anon as they gaped to let in the fresh Air, one of the *Locust* would slip down their throats as nimbly as if he had been buttered: So that by that I conjectured they were Spirits and not Corporal substances, as they appeared

to

to be then, I called to mind what the *Apocalips* Author ſaw, *when the Angel deceended that had the Key of the bottomleſs Pit*: and did Imagin that theſe were they that aſcended out then, or that they were ſome of the ſame breed, for they had ſtings in their Tayls, and wings like flutter-mice, but as for their Crowns I ſuppoſe they were not convenient to be worn upon this occaſion.

But to proceed in leſs then a quarter of an hour, the *Pope* had got ſeaven of the chief on u'm in his belly; the which when I perceived, and that he began to ſwell with the burthen; I wiſh'd much good might his breakfaſt do him: For now, ſaid I, he has taken to himſelf ſeaven *Devils* worſe then the former, the reaſon that induced me to ſay ſo, was becauſe as they made an offer to get between his Teeth, they hovered ſo long till I could read their names, which were written on their Forheads as followeth; the firſt was called Blaſphemy, the ſecond Pride, the third Revenge, the fourth Murther, the fifth Adultery, and Inceſt the ſixth, Covetouſneſs, Rapine, Perjury the ſeventh, Implacable, unmerciful; beſides an number more that the *Cardinals* and the heads of the ſeveral

ſeveral Orders ſwallowed or rather that took poſſeſſion of them for their Maſters uſe, as Fraud, breach of Truſt, Injuſtice, Flattery, Deſimulation, Hipocracy, and a hundred more: well, ſaid I, if theſe people be ſo good at eating of *Devils*, *Lucifer* had beſt beware how he receives them leaſt in time they ſhould depopulate his Empire; the word were yet between my Teeth, when one of the *Devils* that was a huge thumping Dog, and to appearance as big as any two of the other, came flying to me, and crept through the creviſe in a trice; at which I ſtarting back, kept my mouth cloſe ſhut (for I perceived he had a great mind to have taken up his Lodging in me) and ſpeaking through my Teeth as well as I could, I conjured him to forbear; for, ſaid I, you may plainly ſee I have not the mark of the beaſt neither in my Forehead nor right hand; how came you here then, ſaid he? By the aſſiſtance of Providence, ſaid I, who is Steward to the King that I ſerve: then, ſaid he, you are one of our Enemies ſpies, and come to pry into the Counſels of my Maſters eldeſt Son, therefore let me enter, and quickly too, or I ſhall inform againſt

againſt you, and ſo brand you with the name of *Heretick*, that you ſhall by no means eſcape the Inquiſition: burning will be mercy if once the *Pope* knows you lie perdue, you'l pay dear for your playing at boe peep with him: (well ſaid I, and began to tremble for fear of a diſcovery) If I offend any body by being here, I'le begon withall my heart, but rather then the *Devil* ſhall take up his Lodging in me, I'le ſuffer a thouſand deaths: Be it ſo then, ſaid he, you ſhall have your wiſh; and with that he flung away in a great rage as if he had gone to acquaint the *Pope* with what he had ſeen, and truly I was almoſt half afraid he would have been as good as his word, and thereupon I ſtood in a quandary whither I had beſt make my eſcape er'e any apprehended me, or ſtand the teſt; but as I was reſolving upon the former, I beheld in my Dream a great *Cardinal* whoſe middle was three yards about at the leaſt, and had been fed from the days of his youth with fat Benifices, ſo that by reaſon of the wallet that hung under his chin he was obliged to let his mouth ſtand at half-Cock, which *Abbadon* perceiving and loath to loſe ſuch a fair oppertunity, flew

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in; and the *Cardinal* made but one gulp of him; Then began I to rejoyce and called to mind, *that the Devil was a lyar from the beginning*, now thought I, I am ſafe enough and need not ſtep one foot hence, for he will be hanged e're he will come forth of his Cell to tell Tales: I had not leaſure to breath after I had uttered thoſe words, but a tall fellow with a red noſe; and as I thought, a Brewers Apron before him, came skiping in out of a back Room; whereupon I looked ſtedfaſt to ſee whither he had a cloven foot or no, but I could perceive none, ſo that by that I knew that he was not a *Devil*, and that the moſt that could be made of him was but a damned ghoſt; the reaſon why I Eyed him more then ordinary was becauſe I thought I had formerly known him, and I could not put it out of my mind but that it was *Oliver Cromwel*, and ſo he proved to be, for whilſt my thought laſted, he addreſſed himſelf to the *Pope*, and cryed with a noiſe like the bluſtering of a Tempeſteous wind, I am *Oliver* that drew after me three parts of *Britains* Sons, and without me all your Conſultations and Devices are but Vain; that *Lucifer* knew well enough,

enough, and therefore has ſent me to offer you my ſervice; I thank you Sir, ſaid the *Pope*; for I have heard much of your great Exploits how you and your Orders effected, that in a ſhort time which we nor our ſeveral Orders have not done in three Ages, and I am beholding to *Lucifer* for picking me out ſo fit an inſtrument to work with all; I confeſs, ſaid *Ignatius*, and I muſt bluſhing own that this Gentleman has far outdone me, and ſhould by right have been my elder Brother, but that nature miſtook the mould and caſt me firſt; As for this Gentleman, whilſt he lived upon Earth, he was all the talk of Hell, and every little *Devil* would cry, when did you hear from the *Engliſh Pope* and his Aſſembly of *Cardinals* in Maſquerade, when will they be with us? Then would *Lucifer* take them up ſhort, and cry, hold your yelping, you unſanctified curs, whats matter when; ſince they do us far better ſervice by being upon Earth, then if they were amongſt us.

Well Sir, ſaid the *Pope*, and do you think you could be linked firm to our intereſt without grumbling? Firm, ſaid he, why do you doubt my being firm

to

to your intereſt, was I not ever ſo? For to tell you the truth, I never had any more Religion then a *Horſe*, my Religion was only founded upon Ambition, Coveteouſneſs, and Revenge; it's true, I deſembled or counterfeited Religion now and then, and could ſhead *Crockadils* tears to inſnare a company of credilous Fooles, who like Wood-Cocks, would nooſe themſelves ready to my hand; he would have proceeded, but the *Pope* interrupting him: Well Sir, ſaid he, to be ſhort, I think you are a very fit Gentleman to be imploy'd in this buſineſs, by reaſon you know the temper of our Enemies better then our ſelves, and conſequently can the better undermine u'm and pry into their inmoſt Counſels, therefore you may muſter up as many Regicides as poſſible, and I think we ſhould do well to joyn our truſty ſervant *Ignatius* in commiſſion with you; then turning to the *Cardinals* and the heads of the Orders, he asked them what they thought on't? Every one anſwered, very well, and that two fitter perſons could not have been found to carry on the deſign had they ranſacked Hell: well, well, ſaid the *Pope*, let their commiſſion be ſigned

and

and ſtile them our Murther Maſters general, give them alſo blank Commiſſions for Leavying War, cuting throats, fireing Towns, raviſhing Women, defloaring Virgins, Poiſoning, Stabing, Aſſaſſinating, Maſſacrees, and the like to be beſtowed by them according to their diſcretion; open I ſay my Apoſtolick Cheſt and deliver out my Paper Thunderbolts of Excomunication, with which I uſe to damn *Hereticks*, load u'm likewiſe with Pardons, Indulgences, Croiſades, Diſpenſations and the like to beſtow *Gratis* on ſuch as they ſhall find fit for our ſervice, ſo that by them Perjury, Subbornation, Equivocations, mental Evaſions, and Reſervations may be held as ſacred as the *Maſs*; let them have I ſay their back burthens of u'm, and for the more Expedition take freſh poſt Horſes at every Stage, and involve all that bear our mark, or have the number of our name in the Conſpiracy. I would ſay let high and loe uſe their utmoſt endeavour to ſerve us, and our well beloved Friend *Lucifer*, for what can we do too much for him, ſince by him we Reign, he it is *that gives us our power*, tell them that we have paſſed Sentance upon all that oppoſe us, and

therefore we hold it lawful to deſtroy them; yet be ſecret in what you do, till you have got power ſufficient, creep both into Court and City, Counterfeit as many ſhapes as *Proteus*. Now you had my Inſtructions, 'tis my command that you make all poſſible ſpeed, to ſet the buſineſs on broach, and let me hear from you by the next Wind; by the next Wind, ſaid *Oliver*, that you ſhall, and I'le raiſe as big a Whirlwind as that I left the World in; Doubt not, ſaid *Ignatius*, but we'll do ſuch feats as ſhall make Creation ſtart, and Nature groan, upon which the *Pope* to give then a ſignal of his being well pleaſed with them, put out his great Toe with a Croſs at the end on't, the which when they had ſmugled, they took the pack of Trumpery which the Secretary had bundled up, and geting upon a Cole-ſtaff, it riſe with u'm as if it had been Animated, whilſt they Expreſſed.

Thus arm'd by Hell, and Rome we ſwiftly go,
To bear Diſtruction to their Northern ſo.

When on a ſuddain the roof devided and we loſt the ſight on u'm, they were no ſooner

ſooner gone but the *Cabal* diſolved, and the *Pope* was taken up in his Chair upon eight mens ſhouldiers, and ſo carried to his Pallace; whilſt ſeveral Officers went before crying *Abaſſa*, *Abaſſa*, and thoſe who refuſed to kneel got broken pates, for refuſing to fall down and Worſhip the Image of the Beaſt, the which I methought was not free from, for whilſt I put in amongſt them to ſee the end of the buſineſs, up comes a fellow to me with a face as grim as *Lucifers*, and ſtruck at me full drive with a great Crab-tree cudgel, when to avoid the coming ſtroke, I ſteping back tumbled over an old Woman that leaned upon all four, mumbling over her Beads, which fall awaked me: when as I found my ſelf to be in the Chair, to my no ſmall ſatisfaction.

THE

Third Vision

OF

The further Discovery, or Popery *Display'd.*

Summer being in her highth of Pride, and *Ceres* with her golden Ears, having studded o're the fields; whilst the Sun beams made calm the noontide Air? I walked into my Garden, to behold how each Plant flouriſh'd: and how the bluſhing fruits pendent on their green ſtems, made the ſurcharged boughs to bend, admiring natures bounty, long time I ſtood? For whereſoever I turn'd my

my Eyes, new cauſe of wonder was preſented to my view. But being incommoded by the ſweltering heat, at laſt I did betake me to a ſhady Bower; where whilſt I ſat muſing, ſundry thoughts made deep Impreſſion in my Soul: and moſt of all my former Dreams, which ſleeping or waking would intrude and give me ſome diſturbance; So that I more and more took notice of them, concluding that they were not Idle fancies of Imagination, but like thoſe of *Pharoah*; by reaſon of their often repetition, might bear ſome waight. But again conſidering that in the Soul are many leſſer faculties which ſerve the reaſon as ſupream; and that adjoyning to them fancy holds her Station, and of all things the five ſences repreſent or bring ſhe-forms deluſive Imaginations, Ary ſhapes, and fantoms, which reaſon joyning or disjoyning frames, all what we afirme or what deny, and call our knowledge or opinion; then retires into her private Cell where nature reſts, oft in her abſence mimick *Fancy* wakes to imitate her; but by misjoyning ſhapes makes wild confuſion and diſorder. Theſe conſidered, I knew not what to think, but lying down upon a graſſy bank

raiſed high with Turfs, I fell aſleep; though much againſt my will.

Soft ſlumber had no ſooner cloſed my Eyes, but methought my Soul rap'd from its fleſhly manſion, was carried I know not whither: for through many a gloomſome place I paſſed, and through thick foggs or clouds of evening miſt; till I came into a great Hall: where ſtaring about me a while, I heard the tread as it were of ſome body coming down ſtairs, when turning to the ſound, I ſaw a great two handed fellow? (with a wallop of fat under his Chin as big as a Calves Chaldron) come out at a little door made in the wall, and ſo decently matted over that none could diſcern it, unleſs they turned by the *Ante-Pendent*, or hanging Mat: The firſt that appeared of him was his Bald-pate, and after that his whole head, when peeping this way and that way at laſt he ſpyed me; whereupon he made up to me with a dam'd ſower face, and ſtaring on me like the Picture of *Nero*, he demanded how I came thither, faith friend ſaid I, I can no more tell then the man in the moon? But ſince I am hear, pray Sir don't be angry, for I am an honeſt man, and came not with any intent

intent to rob the Houſe, or injure any that dwell in it: for I was half afraid he would have charged a Conſtable with me, when I ſaw him take hold of my Collor, and look wiſhfully about him, as much as to ſay, is there any body here that will call a ſtaff-holder? Or elſe that he might expect ſome of his Comrades to come down the ſame way, and ſo beat me confoundedly, the which I was of opinion himſelf durſt not venture to do, but he ſeeing none come, began to ſet up a throat as loud as the bellowing of a wild Bull; which I perceiving, juſt as he opened, choped my hand into his mouth, and ſtop'd his proceedings, and then began I again to intreat him that he would let me depart quietly out of that place, ſince I came not in of purpoſe, but was brought thither by Miracle: When he heard me ſay ſo, he grew calm, and asked me what Country man I was, why truly, ſaid I, a *Spaniard* by Birth, but have been a Traveller from my youth, and have ſeen moſt Countrys in *Europe*, and did you ever hear of St. *Ignatius* (ſaid he) who was your Country-man? Yes ſaid I, and have ſeen the Image of his Saintſhip ſtand up in the great *Colledge* at *Valladilid*, with

a wooden Ruff about his neck! and further I have ſeen St. *Demingo*, St. *Jago*, St. *Dominick*, St. *Francis*, and a thouſand more in my Travels: that is the *Statues* of their *Saintſhips*, which the vulgar take for ſo many Demi-Gods in ſtone dublets; well ſaid he, did you ever ſee the Virgin *Marys* Milk, and the ſwadling bands in her Chapel at *Madrid*; and hear of the Miracles they have wrought; Yes, yes, ſaid I, and a thouſand ſtrange things more: But pray Sir what place is this, why, 'tis-'tis-'tis-well 'tis no matter, for now I think on't ſaid he, I am obliged to conceal i'ts name, and my buſineſs here, unleſs it be to ſuch as I am well aſſured can and will keep ſecret whatſoever they ſee and hear; As for that ſaid I, do but try me and beat me damnably if I do not. Well reply'd he, thou lookeſt like a Son of *Rome*, and may'ſt be ſerviceable to us; are yea thereabouts thought I, nay then I ſmoak ye, and paſt doubt there's a neſt of the *Popes* Ploting Raſcals not far off: at which, my Cholor began to riſe, but deſirous to know more, I ſtill gave him good words, till at laſt he began to Examine what mony I had got; not a groat ſaid I, for truly I was half afraid

I ſhould have had my throat cut if I had confeſſed my Coyn. Well ſaid he, then you muſt e'n be packing hence, for this is no place for ſuch as come empty handed; nay not ſo haſty friend ſaid I, pray what is to be ſold in this place, that you ſerve me as *Hoſteſſes* do *Tinkers?* To inquire after my mony before I ſee my ware. O ſaid he, you ſhall have ſatisfaction for it I'le warrant you; and you cannot lay it out better. At this, I began to conſider with my ſelf, and to Examine my Pockets: but putting down my hands, I found I had left my Breeches at home, and that I was reduced to Air, not being a real ſubſtance.

Then began I to ponder with my ſelf how I came in this pickle, and almoſt diſpaired of ever finding my body again, for ſundry fancies run in my head that I was juſt diſolving to what I was before I had a being; and that the fellow (as I took him to be) with whom I converſed was not Mortal; but when I called to mind, that a little before I had ram'd my fiſt down his Throat, to ſtop his bawling, I found my miſtake; for I well remember'd he had a ſet of dam'd ſharp Teeth, when he ſaw me

fumble

fumble a good ſpace, and produce no Chink, he ſtared upon me with a face like *Demegorgon:* as much as to ſay, deliver or ye'r a dead man, but I not a whit daunted, was reſolved (by reaſon I found my ſelf no ways indiſpoſed) to ſee the utmoſt, when ſetting as good a face upon the buſineſs as I could; faith Sir ſaid I you muſt pardon me, for coming out in haiſt, I forgot to put my Breeches on; but if I ſhall enjoy ſo much happineſs as to meet you, either at the *Plough Ale-houſe*, or *White-horſe Tavern*, I'le give you ample ſatisfaction, for what kindneſs you ſhall ſhew me: At this Appollogy he began to ſmile; Till at laſt drawing his mouth from Ear to Ear, he laughed out right; well ſays he, I am very well acquainted with the places you have named, (as having been often there in Conſult with the *Fathers* about weighty concerns) therefore if you will ſwear by the *Popes* Toe, to meet me, and be as good as your word; I am content to ſhew you all the variety this Houſe affords.

Well to be ſhort, I conſented to his propoſal, and he bid me follow him, which I no ways neglected to do, ſo that leaving the Hall, we went up the

ſelf-

ſelf-ſame ſtairs that I ſaw him come down; which conſiſted not of above a dozen ſteps before we ſtumbled upon a dark Entery: it being of a vaſt length, and ſo narrow that one could ſcarce turn ones ſelf. Well now thought I, will this Dog conduct me into ſome Dungeon or other: or perhaps to *Purgatory*, for I had often heard that juſt ſuch a paſſage leads to it, ſo that I was twice or thrice in the mind to turn back, and had done it, had not my deſire of ſeeing ſome ſtrange Novil over power'd my fear, and the ſuddain opening of a ſide dore ſome forty paces forwards, refreſh'd me with the glimering of a light: when making towards it I found my *Pilot* had entered? And that an old Woman with a great bunch of Keys in her hand, ſtood ready to welcom me, when fixing my Eyes ſteadfaſtly upon her, I perceived her to be ſome antiquated *Beldam*, whoſe face time had ſo furrowed, and ſhrivil'd up, that it could not be known from the bark of a blaſted *Oak*, her Noſe and Chin met, and her Eyes being almoſt ſunk to the nape of her Neck, glow'd like the ſnufs of two farthing Candles. Bleſs me (quoth I) what is Mother *Shipton* ſtill living,

living, for this can be none but ſhe: but, when I obſerved a Bell-Rope of Beads, or Button-moulds (I know not well which) hang dangling at her girdle with a Croſs at the end on u'm, made (as I ſuppoſed) of an old Trencher; (for it was damnable greaſy) I concluded her to be no *Witch*, ſuppoſing that as long as ſhe wore that Gigum-bob, the *Devil* would have no Communication with her, and the reaſon that induced me to that belief, was, that I had often ſeen in *Spain*, Croſſes ſet up in Church-yards, to fright the *Devil* from the dead, and had been informed, by a *Dominican Fryer* at *Sallamanca* (who bid me believe it as my *Creed*) that if a Croſs was fixed in Hell, it would cauſe all the *Devils* to run yelping thence; and that it would be as Infallible an Expedient, to purge that place of *Demons*, as Brimſtone is to drive out a ſwarm of *Bees*.

Well, I had a great mind to have had ſome conferrence with this peice of *Antiquity, upon whoſe forehead was writ, Ignorance*; but juſt as I was entering into it, my *Conductor* call'd me off, to divertiſe me with new wonder, at whoſe call I preſently left the old *Matron*,

and

and went towards him, who ſtood with his mouth at half Cock, and his Eyes fix'd as if he had ſeen a Miracle: or as when, a gazing multitude firſt view a blazing Commet; in the Artick Skey, who from his horrid hair ſhakes peſtilence and war: when I was come up to him I demanded what it was, his ſight ſo eagerly purſued, he told me he knew not well himſelf, but that he never was ſo ſcared in all his Life; for juſt ſaid he as I opened the door, out ruſhed two tall Creatures in humain ſhapes; And at one ſlight leap leaped through the Caſement: they had continued he, each of u'm a great bundle of Parchments, and Papers under their Arms: Pray friend, ſaid I, did you take ſo much notice on u'm, as give any Diſcription of their *Phiſegmonies*. Yes reply'd he, one of them was a tall black fellow, with a dreadful grim look, and a pair of long whiskers turn'd up, much after the *Spaniſh* faſhion; holding in his right hand a ſharp Dagger, and in his left a Viol full of ſhining Liquor: as for the other he was not ſo tall, but had a fiery face, a great red noſe, a ſcanty pair of Bretches, and a long ſack ty'd about him: well thought I, I'le be hanged if they

they were not *Ignatius*, and *Oliver*, for juſt at that Juncture, what I had obſerved in my ſecond *Viſion*, came hot into my head; but I had ſo much wit, as not to diſcloſe my thoughts, leaſt it ſhould hinder my further admittance.

Well, ſaid I, theſe doubtleſs were the Sons of ſome Northren *Witch*; whom the Gogle-Ey'd-Hagg their Mother has ſent for home upon a Whirlwind, therefore let them go, and the *Devil* be with u'm.

I had no ſooner ended, but the *Monk* (for ſo I took him to be) threw open a large door, that groaned upon its hinges; when on a ſuddain a ſtrange murmer of humane voices were heard, at which I made a halt to liſten, but he bid me follow him and not to fear; So on we went, till we came to another door. When we entered the next Room, which bore the reſemblance of a Chappel, and was addorned with abundance of Superſtitious Trumpery, as *Alters*, *Crucefixes*, *Tapers*, *Pictures*, of Saints and the like, having ſeveral Sky-lights with Arched bends, ſo that it was very difficult to diſcern by what means it was Illumen'd. Here he placed me

in

in the Cranny, or Breach, of an old wall; commanding me on pain of being ſeverely Diciplin'd not to ſtir without further Orders: Which done he left me, and went through a little wicket on the other ſide: which was kept by a *Jeſabel* in Taffaty, who had been a notorious Strumpet, but growing old was turned both *Baud* and *Midwife*; as it appear'd by a long Scrole ſhe held in her right hand, and methoughts ſhe looked like a cunning *Jade*; when after a little ſpace thus ſhe began to twattel with ſome body that ſtood on the other ſide the particion, well, ſaid ſhe, the *Pope* was a luckey man (hang me if he was not) when firſt he conferr'd the Honour of Governant of his *Seraglio* upon me, which e're long I deſign for *Rome* to take poſſeſſion off; but before I go, let *Belzebub* poſſeſs me if I do not Anſwer his Expectations, by out-doing even the ſtupendeouſeſt of his *Jeſuits*. Thoſe Maſters of miſchevious Invention. For Madam, ſaid ſhe, you muſt know I am a plaguy *Jade* at Politicks, and love diſturbance at my heart.

By this time I knew 'twas ſome great Lady ſhe converſed withal, for I heard her

her reply; 'Tis true you promiſe fair, and if you perform as much, not only my Lord and I, but ſeveral others of Noble Extraction ſhall confeſs themſelves obliged to you. When I heard that ſound I partly knew it, which made me the more attentive: but further at that time ſhe ſaid not.

Then pondering with my ſelf, bleſs me thought I, what will this World come too: If Politicians in Peticoats once get the upper hand, or be ſuffered to Domineer? much a do had I to keep my Station, having a months mind to hold ſome chat with this inexorable *Maſs* of Chitchen-ſtuff: and to have put ſome interogatories to her, that juſt then began to muſter in my Crown, but being afraid of the Puniſhment threatned, to be inflicted on me with a *Cat* of nine-Tayls, I thought it was beſt ſleeping in a whole skin. I had no ſooner thought, but in came a huge Lool-ear'd Cur of a *Prieſt*, with a Taper in his hand; And after him ſeveral more of the ſame order which I gueſſed by their Habits to be *Franciſcans*; after them followed a great number of Women, old and young, handſom and ugly, telling their Beads, and treading ſoftly, moſt of them being

bare

bare footed with Ropes about their middles, ſome making of wry faces, and a thouſand Grivances far beyond Exerciſe of *Bull* and *Mouth*, other the while ſmiling and caſting now and then an Amorous glance upon a luſty young *Prieſt* that brought up the rear: what the *Devil* may this mean, quoth I to my ſelf, and began to wiſh I had my *Monk* now to have been my inſtructer, and to have given me the ſignification of theſe dumb ſhews; but it was not long before they unridled themſelves; for an old *Fryer* with a face as grim as *Lucifers*, began to take them to task, demanding what ſins they had committed ſince their laſt Confeſſion, when up comes an old Trot, with never a tooth in her head, and crys alas good Father, I have play'd the *Bawd* to my own Daughter for Lucur of two *Guines*, and in hopes of obtaining my *Abſolution* with a favourable Pennance, I have brought one of them to your Reverance; a ſmall offence, a very inconſiderable ſin, ſays the *Fryer* (ſnatching the *Guiney* out of her hand) come, come, you ſhall be abſolv'd, and with that he turned her over to the next *Prieſt* to a lot her pennance, who doom'd her to eat a Ship

Bisket next morning for breakfast, without either tasting, sopping, or any ways molifying; and on my Conscience, I think he might as well allotted her to have nibled up the *Monument*, for the *Devil* a Tooth she had: at this the old *Beldam* screw'd up a dam'd sower face, and would have made an Appology, but was packed away before she was suffered to speak.

The next was a Buxom Lass of about eighteen, who coming roundly up, drop'd a low Courtisie; well Gossip, said the Father, and what have you done that you are come again since Yesterday? Nothing, good Sir, to speak on: What was it, why don't ye Confess, said the *Fryer*? Only, reply'd the Bagage, save as *Lots* Daughters did, made my Father Drunk and perswaded him to lye with me; very good, said the *Fryer*, and what mony have you brought to purchase your Absolution? Not a groat, said she; then take her Tormentors, said the *Fryer*, and give a disapline of three hours long, I'le teach you to come empty handed. He had no sooner ended, but up came a cupple of fellows with Cats of nine Tayls in their hands, and looked like

the

the first begotten of *Belzebub*, who had no sooner lay'd their Paws upon her to hawl her away, but she cry'd out, I am not come empty handed, I am not come empty handed: why, what have ye brought, said the Confessor? Why my Granums wedding Ring that she left me for a Leagacy, when she hang'd her self to save the charges of a Funeral: 'tis well, said he, come unhand her: then was she turned over to the next *Priest* for the allotment of her Pennance, who smiling, told her, she must watch him whilst he slept that night; now I understood his meaning by his gaping, and are you thereabouts thought I, I never heard the *Devil* undertook to forgive sins before, for now I took them for no less then *Devils* incarnate, who whilst they pretend to absolve, tempt their *Proselites* to graple with new guilt, and by hood-winking them in fatal ignorance, push them insensibly upon their own Damnation: the Wench seemed very well pleased with this Pennance, promising to fulfil it, and as she went away, gave him an Amorous Leer with half a Face.

The next that bore up, ſeemed by her garb to be a grave young Widdow, for ſhe was all in Mourning, and had a vail down to her very heels; upon her forehead her peak was neatly placed, her hair and Eyes were as black as jet, and in her Cheeks freſh roſes bloom'd; So that I (gazing on her outſide comlineſs, and beholding every part admirable) began to fall in love with her, and in truth my paſſion got the Reins and ready to run away with my reaſon and underſtanding whither I would or no: So that I began to Expoſtulate with my ſelf after this manner: 'Tis certain, ſaid I, that nature framed not ſo exquiſite a beauty in vain, why was ſhe made if not to be beloved and enjoy'd; nay, doubtleſs, both of theſe ſhe has been, or elſe how a widdow? O happy man whilſt living whom ſo e're thou wert, in poſſeſſing ſo ſweet a Creature; her faults, for which ſhe now comes to be ſhriven, muſt needs be very Light, for how can ſin lodge in a form ſo lovely? Perhaps ſhe did forget her morning *Orizon*, occaſioned by too much drowſineſs, or has heard Oaths ſworn unreproved, and therefore thinks it in her ſelf a ſin: whilſt thus

thus I was in debate, ſhe began to make her confeſſion, to which I gave no ſmall attention, and what ſhould her offence be, but the marrying with an old rich Widdower to gain an Eſtate and live deliciouſly, ſhe after three months end grew weary of him, and taking the advantage of a fellow fit, ſhe had bargained with Mr. *Docter* for fifty *Guines* to ſign his purport to the other World, by that means to make way for a luſty young Lover: when I heard this, and underſtood that the buſineſs was effectually done, chill horror ſeas'd me, and began to freez my blood, ſo that now I grew cold to Love, and held the object of it in deteſtation; but when I conſidered that all young Wenches marry to old men upon the ſame ſcore, that is, hoping in ſhort time to be rid on u'm one way or other (though many it's true are not ſo prodigeouſly wicked as to uſe indirect means, yet would not care whither they hanged themſelves or dyed by the hand of an Executioner, ſo they could but ſecure their Eſtates) I began a little to relent, by reaſon I held it for granted, that ſuch old doating ſots are acceſſary to their own fates by running themſelves voluntarily upon

ſuch pointed weapons; for who can imagine that a brisk woman in the Summer ſeaſon of her youth, and ſpring of blooming beauty, can endure to be embraced or dalli'd with by a ſapleſs trunk, the *Emblem* of old Winter, with a deaths head on a meer moving Statue, cold as *December* Froſts, and only moiſten'd with Eternal Rhumes, into which all the ill-beſtowed Cock-broths, Cawdels, Gellies, and Pennata's turn, leaving his empty veins quite drained of blood and vigor; then the perpetual conſumptive Coughs, Catarrhs, raging fits of Gout and Stone, beſide each bone, as if *Tranſubſtantiated* into the leaf of an *Almanack*, continually predicting change of Weather; for ſuch a one I ſay, to match with young Limbs in which all active vigor reigns, as contrary to nature as for Fire to mix with Water, Snow diſolve the Sun, or *Harts* to give the *Lion* chace:

Whilſt thus I conſidered, her Ghoſtly *Father* began to Examine what peace offering ſhe had brought to make an attonement for ſo Capital an offence, to appeaſe the old mans Ghoſt and to pray his Soul out of *Purgatory*? As to the latter, ſaid ſhe, I think he may as well

well indure it a while now he's dead, as he made me undergo it whilſt he lived, for many a long night has he made me do Pennance, by keeping me awake to no purpoſe, with his offenſive barking, when I poor Soul lay tumbling and toſſing, perplexed in mind beyond the Torments of *Purgatory*, to think what pleaſures in love and amorous paſtimes, other women at that inſtant enjoy'd, and often curſed my covetous Inclination that had forced me to have kept a perpetual *Lent*, had I not now and then obtained a fleſhly refreſhment and pretence of coming hither to Confeſſion, for upon no other occaſion would he ſuffer me to go abroad without, or be out of his ſight a quarter of an hour together, when at home; but thanks be to the kind Doctor, I am now my own Woman, with a good eſtate to boot, and if ever I match for money again, let me undergo ten times more then I have done, unpittied.

Well, well, ſaid the *Frier*, all this avails nothing to the buſineſs in hand, daughter you have offended and muſt make ſatisfaction for it to my mother Church, whoſe receiver I am; give liberally and your pennance ſhall be the

leſs: with that ſhe pulled out a little purſe full of *Spaniſh* Piſtels, which he, ſmiling, received, and ordered his ſubſtitute to be favorable, who only enjoyn'd her to riſe at midnight and ſay *Mattins* twice over.

At this paſſage my Rhiming fancy took, and thus diſcanted;

O Rome! what may I term the to? who wil't
Compound for Murther, blood ſo baſely ſpilt;
For inceſt, whoredom, all that can be told,
Who all things Sacred dar'ſt prophane for Gold;
Thou whoſe Religion founded is on blood,
An Enemy to all that Heaven calls good;
And from that red wing'd Dragon haſt thy pow'r,
Who dayly ſeeks Gods choſen to devour:
Who Pardons and Indulgences dar'ſt ſell,
And Arrogate the pow'r of Heaven and Hell;
Whilſt every Prieſt for Gold dares undertake
To ſnatch dam'd Souls out of the fiery Lake.

I would have proceeded, but that an other Object required my attenſion; which was a Woman, who being a *Roman Catholick*, had, as ſhe pretended, unadviſedly marryed with a *Heretick* (Alias) *Proteſtant*; now thought I, I ſhall hear ſomething Admirable, my thought ſcarce ended, but thus ſhe began; *Holy Father*, ſaid ſhe, what muſt your

your poor afflicted Daughter do in this caſe, I have ſinned mortally according to the Cannons (as I have been told) of *Mother Church*, by giving up my ſelf to one that is out of her Communion, and who holds our infallible Lord the *Pope* in deteſtation; O how my over ſight grieves me, when I hear him open his prophane mouth, to call him the *Scarlet beaſt with ſeven heads and ten Horns, the great Whore ſiting upon many Waters*, the Harlot *array'd in Purple decked with Gold and Precious Stones, having a Cup of Gold in her hand full of abomination and filthineſs, with which ſhe has made the Princes of the Earth Drunk, and cauſed them to commit furnication with her, and that it was he under this ſimile that the Apoclis ſaw Drunk with the blood of the Saints, and beheld the Dragon give him his Power.*

Hold, ſaid the Father, not a word more on't, on pain of being fry'd in *Purgatory* a thouſand Years; O curſe him with Bell, Book, and Candle, as we uſe *Davia*'s Ghoſt: O for locking him up ten thouſand Years in *Errebus*, that I could hear him roar from the very Center, louder then *Perrillius* in his

his *Brazen-Bull*; but ſay, did you conſent to a marriage with this *Monſter*, or was you compell'd to it? if you did it voluntarily, there is no Pardon to be obtained, his Holineſs will never forgive it, 'tis a mortal ſin, and you cannot be admitted the favour of *Purgatory*; there, there, ſtands a *Demon* ready to ſnatch thee hence if you did it wilfully; look, look I ſay, what a pair of ſaucer Eyes he has got, how horribly he looks and what a ghaſtly viſage he wears, what paws and dreadful teeth he has. When I ſaw him lay about thus, and point from place to place like one diſtracted, I thought the *Devil* had been there indeed, but looking wiſhfully to obſerve if any of *Lucifers* Imps were preſent, I could not diſcern ſo much as the Tail of any *Devil*; whereupon I concluded that he uſed thoſe Bugbear words and geſtures, only to terrifie the poor Soul, thereby to retain her in due obedience; and on my Conſcience, I think they had their wiſhed effects, for ſhe (as if convulſive death had ſeaſed her) fell upon her knees and kiſſed his feet, beging as if it had been for life, that he would vouchſafe to pardon her offence, and not deliver her

her over to *Satan* to be buffeted, for that ſhe was over-perſwaded to what ſhe did; and let him enjoyn her what pennance he would, ſhe would undergo it with patience: but he turned away in a great rage and would not regard her.

Now, ſaid I to my ſelf, will this letcherous *Frier* Tyranize over this poor Creature worſe then an *Algerian* does over a *Spaniſh* Captive; after he had taken a turn or two, he came up again, looking as big as Bull-beef; well, ſaid he, upon your humble ſubmiſſion, I have ordered the Infernal Meſſenger to withdraw, yet look to it, for he's but in the next Room, and if you anſwer not my Expectations in a ready complyance with what I ſhall enjoyn you, it is but whiſtling for him and he'l be with you again, and then you are Infallably gone to *Peg-trantums*, if not to a far worſe place.

Alaſs dear Father, ſaid the poor Soul, I will lay my ſelf wholly at your mercy, for I know not what elſe to do in this diſtracted condition, nor indeed could I help what I did, for my Father and Mother compel'd me to marry the Man that has thus raiſed your Indignation againſt

againſt me: I but ſaid he, you ſhould not have harkened to u'm, nor ſo much as have regard to their injunction, but have abſolutely refuſed to be obedient to their damnable deſigns; nay, had you curſed and reviled u'm in this caſe it had been meritorious, nay, you muſt diſcern u'm for ever as *Hereticks* or heritically affected, if ever you intend to be abſolved; nay, it is held lawful by our Church, and I think you will not do amiſs, to deſtroy and root up ſuch a one, and it is a deadly ſin to be any ways converſant with *Hereticks*, no faith ought to be kept with u'm, no though you ſwear upon the *Euchriſt*; nay, by ten thouſand *Maſſes*, you may break your Oath, for in ſuch a Caſe the *Pope* diſpenſes with it, and it becomes Null and Void like a Cancelled Obligation.

Well, you being given to underſtand this, in the next place muſt ſpoil him of all his wealth by what means ſoever you find or think to be moſt convenient, and muſt bring every farthing of it into the Treaſury of the Church, Scituate in *Drury-Lane*, but mum for that, no pane of being double dam'd (which place ſince I have heard was the place

or

or recepticle of *Plunder*, in the dreadful Conflagration that conſumed our great *Metropolis*:) at this ſhe trembled and look'd pale, but he went on; you muſt, ſaid he, be ſtill a Thorn in his ſide, a perpetual torment to him, till you have plagued him ſufficiently in this World, and as for the next, leave to our Excomunication, that infallible paſport into *Tartarum*; O you muſt at him whereever you ſee him; and charge him on both ſides his Ears, let him have a perpetual *Harrangue* to attend him; whilſt he like one haunted with evil Spirits, or rather an evil Conſcience, grows deſperate, and hangs himſelf, or fly his Habitation to wander in the wide World; this muſt needs be, thought I, very Cordial advice for a woman to put in practice againſt her Husband; now, thought I, I ſee from whence ſo many differrances ſprings in the World, Confeſſion and Conventickling are the only Expedients to divide a Houſe againſt it ſelf, that after that, it not being able to ſtand, the Prieſt may when it falls make an advantage by i'ts Ruins; therefore I would adviſe all men that deſign to live happy, to keep their Wives from gading to ſuch dangerous places.

Well,

Well, notwithſtanding this ſhe conſented and promiſed obedience, though with fain regret, and having made an offering of fifty peices of *Eight*, departed without farther pennance, and with her all the Females vaniſhed, and I was in good hopes the Sceen would have ended, for I grew weary of this kind of diverſion; but juſt as *Gog* and *Magog* prepared to depart, a great two-handed Jade, and a Prieſt came luging in a poor rue-faced fellow that hung an Arſe, juſt as if he had been going to the Inquiſition or Gallows to be hang'd, and what ſhould the occaſion of this be, but that the poor Cuckold having caught the Prieſt in bed with his Wife, durſt (to the no little diſgrace of the Fathers) tute his Horns ſo loud that all the Neighbourhood heard what was done.

O Father, cry'd the Baggage, here's a Raſcal muſt be ſent to the *Devil* in a Peny-Poſt Letter cloſe Sealed up, for he's ſuch an unwilling Dog he'l never trudge thither upon his own accord: Yes, ſaid the Prieſt, for betraying the ſecrets of this good virtuous Woman who is his Wife; alas, ſaid the poor Cuckold, (making a face as ſower as

if

if he had bit at Crabs) I did nothing but what an other man would have done had he taken his wife under ſuch ill circumſtances: what circumſtances Sirrah, ſaid the Confeſſor, know you not that it is a Prieſt you accuſe? have a care how you beſpatter the Clergy, you had beſt, and ſay no more then you can well make out, for if you do you muſt look to be ſeverely dealt withal; why truly Sir, by your leave, I ſaw u'm, I ſaw u'm, what did you ſee u'm, ſaid the Confeſſor? Nay pray Sir, I ſaw u'm upon the bed together, kiſſing and embracing each other; nay more, they were at it in the ſame poſture, as I was when I got my laſt Boy: O this Rogue, cryes the Wife; if it was not in reſpect to this venerable Aſſembly, I would beat his Horns flat to his Scull; and with that ſhe clutched her fiſt (which made the poor Cuckold ſhrink ſtrangly, like a Snail into his Shell) and without all doubt ſhe had mauled him, had he been in an other place.

Well, ſaid the Confeſſor, brother do you tell us the occaſion of this difference without any reſervation, and how he came to be thus Jealous after his *Scotland* Voyage; Why truly Father,

ther, in his abſence I was invited by this kind Woman to her Houſe, to the end that ſhe might receive of me ſome Ghoſtly Conſolations, which after a ſhort repaſt ſhe retired with me in private to entertain; The main of which was to confirm her in point of Conſcience, whither ſhe might ſafely renounce the Peſtelent Heriſie ſhe had been brought up in by her doating Parents, or not; which I told her by all means ſhe muſt, and to that end uſed many convincing Arguments to keep her ſteadfaſt, the which whilſt I was cloſely applying, as the *Devil* would have it, in comes this medly of Creation, and diſturbed us with his inſolent behaviour; this is the truth of what has paſſed.

Pray what is this thing made up of? Cloak and Perrywig, ſaid the Father (looking wiſhfully on him) a fidling Poet (crys a Prieſt that ſtood behind) that has lately got an Itch of Scribling, and lives by plagueing the Town with noiſe and nonſence, and has lately married more Wife then he knows how to deal withal; have a care what you do, brother, crys the Prieſt that made his Appollogy.

Come,

Come, come, ſilence, ſaid the confeſſor, well friend, hold up your head; in the firſt place you have ſcandalized the Clergy, next your Wife in all likelyhood by your Scribling the whole Nation, therefore your ſentance is to be locked up in a dark Celler, and there to feed upon ſtewed Fidleſtrings and Muſtard for ſix Weeks, and every morning to ſup up half a pint of Ink for your mornings draught: at this he made a face like the ſign of the Mouth at *Alderſgate*, and offered to reply, but he was hurried away without being permitted, and as ſoon as he was gone, all the Company departed; now finding my ſelf left all alone in a ſtrange place, out of which I knew not well the way, I began to wiſh for the old *Monk* again; I had not wiſhed long before I heard a ſtamping in the next Room as if it had been the *Elephant* a dauncing a *Scotiſh* Jigg to the tune of the *Round-headed Cuckolds*, &c. But I durſt not ſtir for my life, being as it were in Lobs pound, where like a Spirit charmed in ſome piece of timber, I was obliged to wait the hour of my deliverance, which (as one would have it) preſently after happened; for open flies an other door

at the upper end, and in comes my well cram'd Clergy-man, alias, *Monk*; and holding up his ſhoulder of Mutton pawe, becòned me at a diſtance, which I obſerving, did conjecture the inchantment that kept me in the hole in the Wall was diſolved, and ſo by degrees ſeting one Leg before an other, I taking large ſteps (but as ſoft as if I had trod upon Eggs) made up to him, and began to ask him the reaſon of his leaving me? *Mum, Mum*, ſaid he, holding up his finger, at which I ſaid no more, but was as mute as a Fiſh, whilſt he taking me by the hand lead me into an other large Room, through an Entery that had as many turnings and windings as *Dedalus Labarinth*, where when we were arrived, I gazed Round and ſaw it was all hung with Tapeſtry and Pictures, and here and there the Image of ſome old faſhioned Saint ſtood mounted upon a Cupboards head: (bleſs me) ſaid I, what place do ye call this? Sure 'tis ſome great Ladies dinning Room:

No, no, ſaid he, 'tis the Cabinet of *Hero's* that have done wonders for the ſakes of our holy Fathers, the *Popes*, and *Mother Church*; then pointing to one of the Pictures that hung in an

Ebony

Ebony frame, guilded with Gold, having a *Monks* Coul and other impliments on, with a ſhaven Crown, and a noſe like Mother *Shiptons*, with Eyes and mouth like *Cerberus*, and a gilt Cup in his hand; this is, ſaid he, the *Monk* that poiſoned King *John* of *England*, who during his War with the Barrons, ſent an Embaſſy to the *Mahometan* King of the *Moors*, who then flouriſhed in *Africk*, to Aid him with a conſiderable number of Souldiers to ſubdue his Rebel Subjects, promiſſing in lve of that to turn *Mahomitan*; which danger to prevent this good man ſent him ſilently to his grave: that's not ſo, ſaid I, for when that good King was poiſoned, he was in peace, and had gained the hearts of his Subjects, ſo that he miſtruſted no ſuch Treatchery; And is this the Effigies of that Impious wretch of a Confeſſor that gave him the fatal doſe; in a Cup of wine to gratify the Inſolency of the faction, and pawn his Soul to the *Devil* by ſtretching out his hand againſt the Lords Anointed, to gain an inconſiderable reward; when he heard me ſpeak ſo boldly, he looked upon me as if he would have eaten without Muſtard, demanding how I durſt preſume to ſay

what I did, ſeeing it was in his power to ſtop my prating for the futer: when I heard him ſay ſo, I thought it was time to make my *Recantation*, leaſt I ſhould be preſented with a *Hempen Cravat-ſtring*, or be tickled under the fifth Rib, for I knew not what to think on't as caſes ſtood, *for I took my ſelf now in* Abners *condition*, *when* Joab *went to imbrace him*, and therefore kept at a diſtance, till with fair words and ſome Gold which I now methoughts had fumbled out, I had appeaſed his Cholerick diſpoſition, So that by this time all was huſh, and after having obliged me again to Secrecy, he went on.

This, ſaid he, on your right hand, laughing at the Dagger he holds, is the Protrature of *James Clement* the *Jacobin Monk*, who with that *Conſecrated Weapon* durſt attempt to put a period to the life of *Henry* the third of *France*, even in the midſt of his Triumphant Armys, when he beſeiged the *Laguers*, ſhut up within the Walls of *Paris*, and reduced that City to Exceeding Penury; and by ſucceeding, raiſed the Seige, although himſelf miſcarryed in the bold attempt: that on the right ſide him, with a red head, is *Frank Ravilack* out the

Qondam

Qondam Monk, and *Solicitor*, but now ranked amongſt *Roman Hero's* for that admirable Exploit of his, in ſtabing King *Henry* the fourth of *France* with a *Butchers* Knife, as he road in his Coach, invironed with his Nobles, paſſing by St. *Innocents* Church in the City of *Paris*, for his ſecretly favouring the *Hugonets*, and when he had finiſhed the Tragedy, never ſo much as ſtired his Ground, but ſtood with the bloody Knife in his hand for auſtentations ſake; and though he was afterwards condemned by the Soveraign Chamber to have his fleſh plucked off with Hot-pincers, and to be drawn in pieces with wild Horſes, yet being highten'd with the promiſes made to him by the Fathers of aſcending bolt upright into *Paradice*, and not ſo much as calling at *Purgatory* by the way; he would not confeſs who ſet him on work, nor ſcarcely ſo much as grone during his Aggony.

Here I would gladly have asked him two or three Queſtions, but I durſt not, for fear of puting him out of humour, which might occaſioned ſome diſorder, and have put a ſtop to any further proceedings, and indeed have hindered me

of ſeeing and hearing many things advantagious to the underſtanding, if a moral conſtruction be but rightly made.

For who can but ſmile, though it be with abhorance and deteſtation, to think how the eaſy people that pin their faith upon the Churches ſleve, are obliged to believe that all manner of Villans that hazard their lives (though in never ſuch damnable Exploits) for the *Caprico* of the *Pope*, or his Rable, are Infallibly Sainted, and ought to have not only Veneration as to high eſteem, but Divine Worſhip, ſuch as belongs to God alone, Attributed to them; theſe pernicious devices ſerve them for two ſpecial ends.

The firſt, to Cheat the people of their Moneys, Jewels, and other things of Worth, that they ſuperſtitiouſly offer at the ſhrines of theſe pretended Saints. The ſecond, to make them deſperate and fit to undertake any danger what ſoever, (be it to the Hazard of life or Fortune) to promote the Cauſe, and by this means it is more then by any other, that they procure fit agents to carry on their Helliſh Plots and Conſpiracies, not only to murther Princes

and

and endeavour the ſubvertion of Kingdoms, but to wreck their own private revenge, when many times the deſparado perriſhing in the attempt, deluded by fair promiſes, he makes no doubt but to take wing for Heaven, from whence in ſtate he may look down upon his worſhipers; but having paſſed the limits of Mortality, he finds his grand miſtake, for there being met by *Divine Juſtice*, who on thoſe confines keeps ſtrick Watch, he's headlong plung'd into the deep Abiſs of Hell, and *bound in everlaſting Chains of Darkneſs*, there to howl and curſe his flattering Deceivers.

Well, the next peice that my guide ſhew'd me, methought looked like the very Portrature of a *Devil* incarnate, nor ever could the Picture of Envy have been more exactly pattern'd out, having lively miſchief in every line of his Viſſage, bald Pated, he was in a *Friers* weed, with this Inſcription round his head.

This is the Figure of the Prieſt, who durſt
A mighty Prince from all his Glory thruſt;
And with one fatal Doſe pack'd him away
Who made Rome *tremble and the* Pope *obey:*
Then learn of him you that Confeſſors be,
And of the Breſts of Princes keep the Keey;
Things ſacred, nay, the very Sacrament
Rome *does hold lawful may have poiſon in't,*
To render lifeleſs Kings and Princes Crown'd,
Which ſhe calls foes; if elſe no means are found.

Upon Reading this, methought my blood ran backward, when thus I pondered with my ſelf: O horrors and death (ſaid I) then muſt the Sacrament! That bleſſed pledge of our Redeemers love and Seal to everlaſting life be made an inſtrument by Villans (worſe then Fiends) to work their Helliſh Murthers on man kind, and above all our Princes, on whom Heavens Sacred Image is doubly ſtamp'd; Firſt, as being men, and next, as Gods Vicegerents to execute Juſtice in their ſeveral Stations, and for their Actions are accountable to none but him that ordained their power: then pauſing a while, I began to conſider what Hell-bred Sicophant this might repreſent, and found by a further Inſcription that it was the Black

Friers

Friers Picture, who to pleaſe the Ambitious *Pope*, and for a conſiderable reward as many of that Age conjectured having mixed poiſon with the pretended Conſecrated Hoſt, yet his ſins no leſs then if it had been ſo indeed, for with Heaven there is no trifling, nor will that Sacred pledg admit of any Counterfeit gave it to *Henry* Emperor of the *Romans* in the *Euchriſt*, of which he inſtantly dyed.

Upon this, I concluded that for ſuch like Reaſons the Church of *Rome* to this day, allows her obedient Princes the *Cup* which is ſtrictly forbidden to all other *Lay* perſons, for by that means their lives are as it were in the hands of Raſcally *Monks*, *Friers*, or *Jeſuits*, who are obliged to move, according as the *Pope*, (who is their *Primum Mobile*) ſhall think fit.

This Obſervation, methought did not a little trouble me, for ſuch affronts offered to Heaven and Earth; could do no leſs then move the inmoſt ſecrets of my Soul to an Abhorance and deteſtation of ſuch Monſterous wickedneſs though repreſented in dream.

Inſomuch

Inſomuch that could I have found the way out again, I had certainly left the Place; but not being well aſſured, I thought it beſt, though not without ſome regret, to ſtay and ſee what further was to be obſerved; when looking about, I ſaw the Portrature of *Sumervil*, who being ſet on by the *Jeſuits* to kill Queen *Elizabeth* (but being taken e're he could have an opertunity and Impriſoned) hang'd himſelf for madneſs; next him ſtood *Gudio Faux* with his dark Lanthorn; Then Father *Garnet*, *Percy*, *Catesby*, *Rookwood*, and a number more, whoſe deep inventions had contrived unheard of ſtrattagems, which ſtrattagems detected and proved Treaſon in the higheſt degree had brought them to untimely, though deſerved Ends: theſe my guide aſſured me were all Sainted for the better encouragement of ſuch as ſhould come after u'm; but all the Arguments he could uſe as to that particular could not induce me to believe they were they Saints Triumphant, for you muſt know there is as great a Gulph for the moſt part fixed between thoſe Saints that Reign with Chriſt in Glory, and thoſe that are Cannonized by the *Pope*,

as

as there was between *Dives* and *Lazarus*.

Now, ſaid he, turning to the left, theſe you ſee here are of an other kind, for though they were not Immediate ſupporters of St. *Peters* Chair, yet they have done us ſingular ſervice, and had almoſt cut out our work ready to our hands, by raiſing Rebellion, Leavying Wars, oppoſing, depoſing, and murther of Majeſty, *&c.* for which we have placed them amongſt our *Hero's*.

When I heard him ſay ſo, I began to wonder who they reſembled, immagining if they were not *Papiſts*, they muſt be *Turks*; but coming nearer I found them to be the Protraters of *Oliver Cromwel*, *Henry Ireton*, *Jack Bradſhaw*, Solicitor *Cook*, Cobling *Hewſon*, *Hugh Peters*, and ſeveral other *Regicids*, who in their life times had occaſioned great diſturbances on Earth, and as a Seal to all their other Villanies, had dare to dip their hands in Royal Blood, for which they had made Religion their pretence, when indeed they never had any more then the *Pope*, for all was founded upon *Avarice* and *Ambition*, and what ever they pretended to deceive the eaſy World,

World, they knew or leaſt they owned no other God but *Mammon*.

Indeed ſaid I, Father, you have done well to pack thoſe *Heros* (as you call u'm) together; nor could you have beſtowed theſe latter better, for their action ſo nearly reſembled the former, that it is pitty the Hiſtories of there Lives were not bound up in one Volum, that the Reader without much ado might make an impartial Obſervation how the whole ſeries of u'm run parralel, as being Saints much a like.

Well, but being almoſt weary of this, methought I asked my guide what thoſe voices were we heard; for by this time I had enough of that diverſion, I deſired to be entertained with ſomewhat more pleaſing whereupon methought he lead me down as it were into cellar, where were ſeveral Lamps burning, and there I eſpied a great number of Fellows; in Caps triangle, long Veſtments, and a World of Trumpery about u'm, often laying their heads together as if they had been comparing Notes, or contriving ſome mighty ſecret; they for the moſt part looking like heathen *Philoſophers*, and as rinkled as *Diogenes*

in

in his weather beaten Tub, at firſt gueſs you would take them for Conjurers, contriving an Infallible *Almanack*, or conſulting how to turn the Witches out of favour with the *Devil*, that they themſelves might be the chief privados of the infernal Prince.

Well, thought I here's a hopeful tribe I'le warrant u'm, but coming nearer they were perceived to appertain to the *Scarlet Beaſt*, and that their buſineſs was to lay the foundation of a new *Babel*, which they ſaid muſt be founded upon blood, as the Walls of *Rome* were in the days of *Romulus*; or elſe they ſaid their lofty Piramid would be of ſhort continuance, when peeping amongſt them, methought the Table was covered with Inſtruments of death of all ſorts and ſizes, and a great many Sealed Writings bundled up at which I ſtarting cryed, now ſhall I have my throat cut and ſent with a paſt-port into the other World; and with no ſmall earneſtneſs repent me of my coming into a place of ſo much danger, and curſing my *Monk* began to think upon the words of *Solomon* in the Diſcription of the *Harlot, who tempted the young man to turn aſide with her, who in his ſimplicity fol-*

followed as a Bird flyeth the ſnare, and an Ox to the ſlaughter, till a dart ſtruck through his Liver: but thought I, I will be wiſer then ſo, for I will beware on u'm as much as poſſible, though I believed the *Monk* had brought me thither on purpoſe, to enter me into the ſervice of the *Red Letter-men*, the which I always proteſted againſt.

Well, there was methoughts a profound ſilence, for a conſiderable time, and ſo intent upon their buſineſs, that they ſpar'd not ſo much time as to look about; in the mean ſpace I began to gaze round me, if by chance I might eſpy any place of ſafety, when ſeeing an old Cupbord whilſt my *Monk* held chat with the door keeper, I crept into it and ſhuting the door ſoftly peeped through the Key-hole, being glad to make any ſhift, and would rather diſpence with ſome difficulties. I found there then come out again, for on my Concience had the Ghoſts of a hundered ſtarved Mice dreſſed up in winding-ſheets, made their appearance with mouldy Cheeſe between their teeth, they could not have obliged me to have forſaken my hold, whilſt I was thus commenting upon my preſent condition

I per-

I perceive my guide to be in a ſtrange Conſternation, as ſuppoſing I had given him the ſlip, ſtaring here and there as if his Wits had been gone a Wool geathering, all my fear at this juncture being that the ſcent of the Cup-bord would guide him to my appartment, who now well hoped to get ſhut of him, as ſtrongly conceiting that he had a deſign upon me, and that he would either make me pay unreaſonable for my peeping, before we parted or deliver me up to the men in Black, to diſpoſe of me as they ſhould think convenient, who paſt doubt would have enforced me to have received the mark of the *Beaſt*; or by the help of ſome powerful expedient, have divorced my Soul from it's Terreſtial ſpouſe (the Body) to wander in the Air till contrary to their Expectations it ſhould reach the manſions of Eternity there to reſt, *&c.*

Whilſt theſe conſiderations laſted he ſuppoſing I was retired, inquired for me the ſame way we came, and then I was a little more at eaſe in my mind, though not altogether free from the apprehenſions of being diſcovered in the end; but come what would come now

now methoughts, I had fixed my Reſolution to run the Hazzard, &c. And to inform my ſelf what farther might happen, then I perceived they began to unbundle the Papers by the advice of a black fellow with a Cloven foot, that ſat as Adjatant General, and the Miſteries contained therein were by degrees revealed, which in themſelves were ſo wicked that the only way is to let them return from whence they came, and unimploy'd, reſt till the Jaws of time conſume them that the like may not be know in the laſt ages of the World; yet the buſineſs was bandy'd too an fro, about the building a new *Babel* upon the Ruins of that which about one hundred years ſince, was tumbled into a heap of confuſion, upon which the *Scarlet Whore* was to ſit Triumphant; many ſtrange devices were uttered to bring it to paſs, and Counſels innumerable given; but therefore the moſt part met with the ſame fate, as *Acitophels* did, and it was my harty wiſh that thoſe who gave them, might ſave the Hang-man a labour by a preventing him in his Office, at laſt an old grim *Jeſuit* who as near as I could underſtand went amongſt them by the

name

name of *Whitebred*, layed the Model intimating how by degrees the Superſtructure muſt be raiſed, and who were the fitteſt perſons to carry on the work, the which for the moſt part I underſtood were Deſparadoes, as Cutthroats, Unthrifts, Aſſaſanates, Perjurors, Slanderers, Athieſts, and ſuch like, who by long practice were grown dexterious, at uſeing their Tools at rough work; and in ſpite of *Joves* Gigantick thunder durſt venture their neck in lofty buildings, whoſe towering height diſdaining Earth aſpire to reach the Stars, and all this muſt be to pleaſe old *Nimrod*, that mighty hunter after Souls eſpecially of Saints, and thoſe profeſſing the everlaſting Goſpel, which once taken are ſweeter to his revenge then Hony or the Hony-Comb, but methought they were in ſuch plaguey haſte to have this Edifice reir'd, that they had not time to Temper their Morter; but deſign'd for the more quick deſpatch to daub it over with it as it was, though they well knew the Scripture has pronounced *woe againſt ſuch builders*.

But that reſtrained them not, for to all appearance they were reſolutely bent

to carry on the work of the day, as the old man ſaid when he thraſhed in his Cloak, for the wages of the *Hypocrite*, and received it to the utmoſt Farthing, as he well deſerved; The Diſcription of the Fabrick to be Errected with all ſpeed, thus it was firſt reſolved upon that it ſhould be framed, and faſhioned after the *Roman* manner of Architecture, and not in the leaſt to vary from what had been formerly uſed by the *Popes* of that *See*, when like *Nebuchadnezzar* they deſigned to oblige the Nations to fall down, and worſhip the Golden Images they had ſet up; and inſtead of a Fiery Furnace, to prepare a Funeral Pile in *Smithfield* rounds, for ſuch as refuſed.

But to come to the manner of this building, which no doubt would have had a world of coſt beſtowed upon it, had it taken effect which it had done, had not confuſion and diſcord prevented it's Exaltation as they did the former, founded on the Plains of *Shinar*.

Firſt, the Foundation which was to have been as large as the extent of three Kingdoms if not beyond, was to have been layed upon the ſoft Mould of

of free Exerciſe of the *Catholick Religion*, which was to be ram'd down with a battery of perſwaſive Arguments, the better to give the work-men, and contributors to underſtand it ſhould be durable, and not builded upon the ſand (though in time it proved ſo) the next was a great deal of Conſecrated Rubiſh, to raiſe it yet higher, which Rubiſh the *Pope* himſelf had taken care to ſend out of his Conſiſtory, and now they came to lay the Corner-ſtone, which task that it might be Immortal, and that they might make death their friend; they were reſolv'd he ſhould have the honour to place, and that it ſhould be Cemented with blood, then for the Pavement it was to be all of *French* flattery, and poliſhed by the work-men as ſmooth as Glaſs, ſo that any who walk upon it might have their heels triped up inſenſibly, and hardly be able without Gods great aſſiſtance ever to ſtand upright afterwards, then the walls were to be raiſed by degrees, the Porch to be builded with ſtrong deluſion, and flattery adorned with ſeveral ſtately Images of vain hope, and guilded over with pompeous Cerimonies; the Door to be made of the

wood of Ignorance, to turn upon hinges of ſtrange belief, the ſtairs by which ſuch as entered were to aſcend ordered to be ſhaped exactly, according to the Model of the *Parriſian Maſſacree*, and all the upper Pavement to be Enamel'd with Goſpellers Sculs for the better ſecurity of the building, and to render it more awful and unqueſtionable, the windows which indeed were deſigned, but few in number to be Glazed, with believing as the Church believes a kind of a new *Italian* Invention, ſo clouded and ſhaded over that whoſoever ſhould be on the inſide, ſhould not be able to diſcern things as they were, but embrace ſhaddows for real ſubſtances, as the feigned Knights of old were wont to do, when by the power of Magick Spells they were confined within the Walls of Caſtles, rear'd by Inchantment; the Pillars were to be all of Poliſhed Idolitry, nor were graven Images to be wanting, no nor the Image of the beaſt who was to be placed in a Peſtelent Chair, adorned with the ſpoiles of Kings and Emperours, and juſt behind him a great Furnace made of perſecution, was to be builded to conſume ſuch as ſhould deny

to fall down and worſhip, by puting them into a *Maryan ſweat*, the Chambers and upper Stories to be founded upon the Pillars, and Floared with *Trenten*, *Niceen Counſels* and *Decrees*; as likewiſe the Corniſhes, Architraves, Freezes, and the like to be varniſhed over with Widows and ſad Orphanes Tears, mixed with the blood of Husband, and Parents ſuffering for the Teſtimony of the Lord that purchaſed their Redemption, and for the better covering of the Arches, if ſo that a Storm ſhould chance to riſe before it was finiſhed; they ordained a very large Tarpaulin made of Shamplots, which was ſo Artificially ſewed together, that it was a matter of no ſmall dificulty to diſcern the Seams; and with all ſo large, that they doubted not but it would ſecure the Fabrick from being demoliſhed, or much indamaged till all was blown over, and then it was to have been Leaded with the *Spaniſh* Inquiſition, which as they ſaid was of a laſting quality, and once well fixed and cemented with blood, would be a ſure Protection to the reſt, and in this Babel when finiſhed there was about 100000 falſe Lights, deſigned to burn

day and night inſtead of Lamps, and becauſe the Sun beams ſhould be excluded, although the Windows were as you have heard, yet ſtrong Shutters made of unknown Tongues were deſigned, ſo that there might not ſo much as a Glimps of ſaving knowledge enter: theſe and ſuch like were the contrivances, nor diſpaired they to bring their projects to paſs, for as I underſtood the *Pope* had promiſed to expend two Millions towards the forwarding of it, and ſeveral of his Catholick and moſt Chriſtian Sons were injoyned to do according to their abilities; Pacquets being for that purpoſe diſperſed amongſt not only the great but the leſſer biggots, and a number of Subſcriptions paſt doubt obtained, and ſo eager were they to begin it, that not having well underſtood that Death had given the Infernal Princes a flat denial, they reſolved to make an agreement with him at any Price to lay the corner ſtone, that being done the work might go on more eaſy, but looking over the *Popes* inſtructions, which the Devil had ſent by *Ignatius*, and *Oliver*, they found the King of Terrors would not have a finger in the Pye, which ſomewhat apail'd them, yet being

being hurryed on by deſteny to their own deſtruction, they were reſolved as the Devil had ſuggeſted to attempt it without him: and thereupon ſent for ſeveral of the work-men, who were begining the Foundation to commune with them, out of which they pick a certain number of the moſt deſperate Villains who for double wages, and a promiſed Saintſhip conſented to lie pardue, upon the borders of Deſtruction, and there to take all advantages, and often attempted to perform their task, when as often ſuch panick fear ſeaſed them; that they were not capable of handling their Tools, yet they lurked up and down and fain would have been counted Crafts-Maſters, at their Trade.

But at laſt the *Guardian Angel*, that kept Watch upon the borders viewing their Helliſh deſign, to endeavour the raiſing ſo Prodigeous a work as might diſpleaſe the Celeſtial King, who ſits between the *Cherubims*, he ſent the Spirit of diviſion amongſt them, ſo that in a ſhort time ſome of the workmen falling at variance with their Maſters, the mine was diſcovered and the *Diabolick* Enterprize took Air, whereupon the work-

men that were ſent out to labour on the Foundation, made a ſwift retreat to the place where the Grand Counſel ſat as yet in cloſe Conſult, and almoſt breathleſs with the ſpeed cry'd *Babylon* is fallen, *Babylon* is fallen, at this ſtrange Alarum each man look'd pail as death, and offered to depart, and had paſt doubt forſook the place, had not they conceived a further hope that there were ways to ſtop the ſpreading Rumor, yet ſtill the Meſſengers came faſt one upon the heels of an other, and every one brought news of a farther Diſcovery, at which the *Fathers* bite their Thumbs, and ban'd the Stars, whilſt the more ignorant began to rail againſt the *Devil*, ſwearing by *Pope Joan* he had betrayed the ſecret (but here in my Conſcience they wrong'd him, for he never ſince his fall was known to Act againſt his Intreſt) others rail'd upon a Doctor, who they ſaid by reaſon of his being buffeted by the Provincials, had pull'd off the vail and lay'd the plat form open for the World to gaze upon, and O if they could catch him.

Whilſt

Whilſt this hurly-burly laſted, I finding the place where I reſided, very incommodious, often concluded upon making my eſcape, which methoughts through the croud might be eaſy, and without being taken notice of, but juſt as I put my Noſe out, and was going to ſet my beſt Leg foremoſt, ſilence was cryed, and every man ordered to give Attention; which occaſioned me to retract my Reſolution, and to bethink my ſelf it was the ſafeſt continuing where I was till a more convenient opertunity offered it ſelf.

When as old Father Gray-beard, began a long and tedious Oration, ſince bleſſed Queen *Mary's* days (quoth he) we have never had the good Fortune, to raiſe ſuch a Fabrick as might ſtand us in any ſtead, nor have we had it in our power to Triumph over our *Heritical* Foes, as in her incomparable Reign.

Indeed we were wont to broyl half a dozen of u'm, in a Morning for breakfaſt; Nay the zealous Dr. *Boner* Biſhop of *London*, that dreadful Pillar of *Mother Church*, could boaſt that he had adjudged about two hundred of them to the flames, beſides theſe he ſuffered

to

to periſh in Priſon, and all in 3 Years ſpace.

And during the Reign of that nurſing Queen, near five hundred ſtubborn *Oecolampadians*, or *Hereticks* were ſent packing to the other World, even till the fire that conſumed them had inflam'd the Air as was thought, and cauſed ſuch a Contagion that ſeveral Thouſands of both ſorts expired, and at laſt that obedient Queen was carryed off, with a burning Feavour; then Heriſie began to peep abroad.

And we as ſoon began to prevent its growing greatneſs, but it out ſtriped our diligence, and ſprouted ſo faſt that we in vain attempted to Root it out by Spiritual Weapons, as Bulls of Excomunication, *Anathmas* of Bell Book and Candle, Pardons, Indulgences promiſed, Saintſhips or the like, for they were ſo hardened againſt us that they would not give Ear to what we pronounced then, we contrived to lay the ſame Foundation, we have now begun by ſtratagems, and all the politick devices *Romes Synods* furniſh us with, ſo that then we thought to cement the Cornerſtone by Poyſon, or to work it fit for our purpoſe, with ſharp pointed Tools and

and often the Church Labourers Endeavour it, and as often ſumon'd death to their Aid; but he failed them and ſuffered a Female *Virago* to flouriſh, and grow great in ſpight of *Mother Church*, or Father *Pope*, but at laſt her thread of Life being Spun, another no leſs zealous in oppoſing our intereſt ſucceeded, and by his pregnant Wit, (or rather Inſpiration) ſo thwarted our inmoſt Counſels, that we could not carry on the work, that then began to peep above ground, and we had well hoped to have brought it to perfection; our Archetect'd having lay'd their Dark Meterials ſo private that they durſt have pawn'd their Souls, there could have happened no prevention: Nay, ſo confident were they that they had beſpoke the raiſing Dinner, inviting a number to participate with u'm, and to render it more magnificent, prepared a Hunting-match; in which they did deſign to run down the Harts Royal. But alas, when infinite expences had been lay'd out to bring it to perfection, one of the work-men being poſſeſſed with an Itch of Scribling; broke all the Toiles that were ſet to run them down; in a moments time, O the fate of Scribling,

Loſt,

Loſt, Loſt, for ever Loſt our hopes by a miſtake our Mountanous Expectations ſhrunk into a mole-hill, and all our two Years Labour became fruitleſs: O *Mother Church*, what mean'ſt thou that thou no better doſt regard the unwear'd endeavours of thy willing Sons? Why ſlept our Sainted Heroes at ſuch a time? O *Ignatius*, where wert thou when our dark *Lanthorn* bearer was ſurprized, and all our deep Foundations overturn'd: Nay, and our work-men (Cowards that they were to their confuſion be it ſpoke) when taken, durſt confeſs the great work Maſter who employ'd them even to undoing of our farther invention for that time: Nay, and left an everlaſting *Memento* of what was paſt; for (O with grief I ſpake it) the *Heriticks* to upbraid us with our building upon a Sandy Foundation, anually ſet a part that hard ſtar'd fifth of *November*, as a memorandum of our undertakings.

Yet we had ſcarce pauſed upon it forty Years, before we reſolv'd to try tother touch, and then to be the more ſecret, and to prevent diſcovery, we put on ſheep Cloathings, and geting aloft, we bawled to the Rable, and bid

bid u'm have a care of the *Kirk*; for *Bell* and the *Dragon* were coming to devour it; and that we had received certain intelligence that the Whore of *Babylon* was coming Poſt, and that ſhe would bring the *Beaſt* along with her, *that had ſeven heads and ten Horns*, and make him ſerve inſtead of a battering *Ram*, to overthrow the Antient Walls, and build up new on's after the *Roman* faſhion; for behold bretheren, your Eys, and the Eys of your Children, can witneſs that here is *Babiloniſh* Muſick already ſet up to give her a leſſon or two for a welcom: as for her Smock, cry'd we, that's here already, and you ſee how moſt men eſteem it; and all of you know by Experience how powerful the Temptation of the Smock is.

This made *Jocky* rouſe, and lay his hand upon his broad *Swerd*; ſwearing by St. *Andrew*, he would ſtand for the *Kirk*; then began the old women to lay their heads together; and charge their Imps, upon their bleſſings, to down with *Gog* and *Magog*.

When

When we ſaw this about to take, and what a proſperous beginning we had made amongſt the *Loons*; we puſhed it on yet further; and ſet all the Field *Conventicklers* a mading by placeing a thouſand bug-bears before u'm; nor did we ſpare to rail againſt his *Holineſs*; (having a *Diſpenſation* ſo to do) the better to perſwade them into a ſerious belief that we were zealous *Whiggs*, and ſuch as ſought the wellfare of *Iſrael*.

Nor did we leave off there, but in a ſhort time overſpred the whole Country, and became as it were the Bellweathers of the private Aſſemblies; and now thinking we had lay'd a ſure Foundation, we reſolved with all ſpeed to raiſe the Superſtructure; ſo that our work-men on the *Iriſh* ſide reared it a mighty hight, for with ſuch Tools as they had, they lay'd 300000 Stones before they were diſcovered, or prevented; but the reſt of our workmen that were ordained to carry on the building on the *Engliſh* and *Scotch* part, either were not in a readineſs at that juncture, elſe the Dogs were Lagizey or faint hearted; So that here again we loſt a fair hit, and all our

deſigns

deſigns were fruſterated; O! had *Lucifer* been but a *Devil* that had had any regard to his Reputation, he would have made us ſenſible beforehand of the ſucceſleſs event yet, and not have rendered his Alies Obnoctious to their Mortal Foes; yet we blew up ſuch a flame by our bawling in diſguiſe, as could not be quenched in many Years.

Another fair opertunity we had for building, when in 1666 with the aſſiſtance of the uppermoſt *Element*, we *unhived* them, and turned them out to wander in the Fields, or ſeek for new aboads; but O the fate of *Babel*; we could not then accompliſh our deſigns. And have we again (ſaid he) loſt our Towering hopes, muſt our ſuperſtructure which we deſigned ſhould kiſs the Skies after ſuch pains and Expences, ſink into it's Rubiſh.

But hear me, hear me, all you that are imploy'd as under builders (and with that they all gave heedful Attention) if according to this Allarum, that has been given us our Intreagues be diſcovered, and once more our deſigns are blaſted e're they bloom'd; I charge you as you hope to be Sainted, if any

of

of you be queſtioned, or never ſo ſtrictly examined about them in Relation to the work: Swear, Swear, I ſay, you know no more of it *then the Child unborn:* Nay, make a thouſand proteſtations, and although ſome of you ſhould be tyed up from your meat, upon the ſame account, yet to the laſt ſtand ſtoutly to your Tackle, and let not a ſillable fall whereby the *Heriticks* may gain advantage, ſay what you will, ſo you be ſure you don't confeſs, for this is no confeſſing matter; No, no, friends for this is our laſt ſhift.

Therefore I ſay again, come what will let us ſtand our courſe, let's ſteem the Tide, and Sail againſt wind rather then baulk our Voyage; Here's, Here's, for you my Lads (and with that he untied the great bundle that lay at his right Elbow, and the ſame that *Ignatius* and *Oliver* had brought from *Rome*) here to animate you, and make you more Couragious, are *Pardons*, *Indulgences*, *Diſpenſations*, here are Bulls upon Bulls, ſee here the Seal Apoſtolique.

O the Indulgent care of his Holineſs the *Pope*, to make ſuch ſpecial proviſion for his Sons, take u'm, take u'm, I ſay,

I ſay, and ſing *Gaudemus*, and ſeeing here is enough of u'm, deliver u'm to the reſt of your fellow Labourers, let your Chief buſineſs be to rail againſt; and revile ſuch as have betray'd the ſecrets of their Maſters, who ſet u'm on work, let u'm be branded I ſay, with the Ignominies that can be recounted up, and now you have your Inſtructions make ſuch uſe of u'm as may turn to Account.

And thus he had gone on to the end of the Chapter, had not he been interrupted with a ſuddain noiſe; for now every little ſound made the whole Aſſembly quaver like an *Aſpen* leaf. Long had not the Conſternation laſted, e're the *Monk* methoughts that brought me thither (who as I underſtood had been upon the Scout) came tumbling in head foremoſt, and with a faint voice cry'd fly, fly, or we are all undone our Enemies have taken the Allarum, and are upon their guard.

O *Babel*, *Babel*, how art thou again turned into a heap of Confuſion, they all howled out with a kind of an infernal Yell; upon which a ſuddain knocking was heard, ſo loud as if a battering Ram had been playing a-

againſt the well-barred Gate of ſome beleagured Town, which put them into ſuch a fright, that looking upon one another for ſome time, and through fear not able to ſpeak; at length every one betook him to his heels, when as huge Pines, ſupplanted by ſome furious whirlwind, from their Mountain Top are hurry'd headlong, nor can quite reſt till lodged in the low boſom of the ſhelter'd Valley, ſo it would have made a Dog break his halter to have ſeen how the fat *Prieſts* wallowed along, and tumbled over one another: Nay, in ſuch haſte they were to be gone, that they ſcattered a World of their Religious Trumpery of all ſorts and ſizes, and were forced to come back again to ſcrape u'm up, ſo that in this they fulfiled the old Proverb, that ſays, *the more haſte the worſt ſpeed.*

Now methoughts as I was laughing at what had paſſed, I heard as it were the voices of Men, Women and Children, cry down with *Gog* and *Magog*, down with Antechriſt, and the Whore of *Babylon.* Here, here, be rotten Bellweathers, that lead the World aſtray, and with that they gave ſuch a ſhout as methought made the Earth ſhake to the

the very Center, and rung ſo like a peal of Cannons in my Ears that thinking it the noiſe of War, I ſtarted from my Dream and between ſleep and wake, forſook my Bower, when looking round I ſaw not any near, when not a little concerned at what my fancy repreſented; I ſat me down, and thus began to ponder with my ſelf.

Great God, thought I, what miſtick dreams are (theſe,
That ſlumbring do my roving fancie ſeize;
I know Rome*'s downfal has been oft foretold,*
And Sacred Scriptures do the ſame unfold:
But what a medly of wild thoughts confus'd,
Have been by me, or not by me perus'd;
For when we ſleep though active is the mind,
'Tis but a ſhade of what we waking find;
Dreams ſtill are dubious though of old 'tis plain,
Interpretations prov'd not always vain;
Then though at this the Man of ſin *may frown*
Yet let him know his Babel muſt go down
And he diſpis'd, who thought to ſnatch the Crown
For Kings are Sacred and their Guardian pow'r,
On thoſe who ſeek their hurt, will vengance (ſhower.

These Cogitations being past I departed, much thoughtful of what had been represented, and not a little glad, that I found it to be but a Dream.

The End of the third Vision.

THE

THE
Fourth Viſion
OF
HELL *in an* Uproar,
OR
The Myſtery of the LAND of Darkneſs.

THough Nature in the Armes of dewey ſleep Repoſes, and ſweet ſlumber does refreſh corporial Labours, as diſtilling ſhowers Impregne the thirſty Earth, in which the long continuing drought has made deep Scars; yet the Soul Ætherial ſubſtance infuſed breath of Heaven, unlimited, uncomprehended, but by him that gave it, ſtill makes pro-

greſs in Imagination through the diſmal gloom; and ſwift as thought ſurveys each corner of Creation: in conceit, or miſtick fancy, ſummaning each facculty to attend her in her mid-night Rambles, then to be ſpectators of her wonderful Remarqus, the better to Record them on the memory, that ſo they ſhould remain to after Ages; when perhaps by a right divination underſtood, if ought at all ſignificant, they may be advantageous to poſterity, and warn them to avoid the dangers Iminent.

Having conſider'd theſe and much more of the like ſemblance, from high noon until the Sun was fallen low, and hovering or'e the Ocians brim, had made his Weſtern Throne in clouds of duſt; When weary with wandring through ſo vaſt a Laborinth, where Mazy thought ſpun out the miſtick Clue to almoſt infinite extent, I left that road, and ſtruck into another on the Right hand far more eaſy; at the end of which ſat *Somnus* in his Bower high overſpread with Roſes, caſting fragrant ſmell, all Interwove with *Geſſemine*, and ſhaded with far ſpreading *Poplar* boughs to keep out the ofenſive Sun; where on

a bed of ſleep producing Poppies, ſtreatch'd at full length, the lazy God repos'd, whilſt round about him hand in hand there daunced a thouſand Viſionary forms, dreſſed up in ſuch ſtrange ſhapes as to diſcribe them would prove a harder task then *Joves* Gigantick Son's twelve Labours, which his ſtep Dame willing his diſtruction did Impoſe. Long I had not entered er'e the ſloathful power rouſing himſelf on his left ſide, and leaning on his Elbow, ſtretch out his far commanding Right hand, moiſt with dewey charms, and graſp'd me ſo ſtrongly, that not having longer force to make Reſiſtance, I thought it beſt to yield; when ſealing up my Eyes, he lay'd me in his boſom and there huſh'd me into ſlumber; when methoughts a thouſand fancies came into my head more ſtrange then what before had happened, for each ſeem'd terrible, and horror Crown them all.

The firſt, methoughts when I long time had wandered the wide World, and tired my ſelf with various delights, which in the end proved vanity, at laſt I came to a broad Road which was called, as I under ood by ſeveral paſſengers, *the way of all Fleſh*; and finding

innumerable people of all Kingdoms, ſex and quallities, preſſing onwards, I reſolved to ſee what varieties might there be found: the which I had not try'd, when on a ſuddain methoughts I ſaw a huge high wall, whoſe top reach'd to Eternity, and in it a thouſand Gates and wicket doors, of which I obſerved an old man in continual Motion kept the Keys, his head was bald, unleſs one fore-lock, the which who ever neglects to take hold on, er'e he turns his back upon him ſhall never more have the like oppertunity, for on his front was written *Tempus Edax Rerum*, and and I was informed he had his Commiſſion from the Celeſtial King, high throan'd above the *Cherubims*; his garments were Volatile, and on his ſhouldiers grew large Wings, having in his right hand a Scithe inſtead of a Porters-Staff, and round about him hung ſuch a number of Hower-glaſſes, Horizental Dialls, Globes, Aſtrolobs, Compaſſes, and other Mathematical Inſtruments, that I durſt have ſworn he had been the Hidrographer in Hirogliphic's, who forces *Atlas* to ſupport his gilded Cabbage; hand in hand before him danced the minnits, howers and days, whilſt

whilſt on his Right and Left moved Weeks, Months, Years, Ages, all ſwift in motion, keeping their perpetual round.

Now waiting at each Door, methoughts more then Millions ſtood, ſome deſirous to enter, whilſt others would fain have drawn back to have returned again into the world, but twas in vain: I was not a little concerned to know what was to be ſeen on the other ſide the wall, and asked now one now an other, but all ſtood mute and returned no anſwer, unleſs a ſigh; whilſt amongſt them methoughts I ſaw two in female ſhapes exceeding officious, firſt going to one, then to an other, and whiſpered in their Ears, till at laſt I underſtood they were call'd diſpair and diſcontent, her deputy, and that their buſineſs was to offer their ſervices to the moſt miſerable; amongſt the Croud who were impatient of waiting to lift them over the wall, the which, though ſhe often attempted, it proved inefectual; for time (ſo was the old man called) would have his will, which was obſerved, when ſhe had almoſt gotten them to the top, down they rumbled again, and in a far worſe condition then before

before, were obliged to waite till one or other of the gates were ſet open: when looking about me, I beheld an other Myſtery, the which was a wheel that was turned about by *Divine Providence*, on which were faſtened as many threads of life as there breaths of either ſex from *Pole* to *Pole*, and ſtill as ſome came to be wound up and lay'd aſide, others were faſtened in their places; now by this wheel *Time* took all his Meaſures, and knew who to let in and who not; when gazing upon this Rare divice, I ſaw ſeveral of the Clews ſhining like Gold, the which I was given to underſtand, appertained to ſuch as after they had entered were to be *Cloathed in white Raiment*, others again were as red as Scarlet, and thoſe were the threads of ſuch as delighted in *Rapine*, *Murthers*, private *Aſſaſſination*, *Treaſon*, *Oppreſſion*, and diſturbers of *Kings* and *Kingdoms*; and theſe were often cut off by deſtenny that ſtood to take all advantages before they were half wound up, which made me call to mind the words of the Prophet when he ſays, the *wicked and blood thirty man ſhall not live out half his days.*

By

By this time methought ſeveral of the gates flew open, and many thouſands, though they ſhrunk aſide, were forced to enter; and what ſhould be on the other ſide but the *Land of Darkneſs*, otherwiſe called the *ſhaddow of death*, the which methoughts looked ſo dreadful on the ſuddain, that I gave back a hundred paces, and like the reſt fain would have continued where comfortable light ſat Regent, for as I underſtood, in this diſmal Gloom neither Sun, Moon, nor Stars, had ſhew'd their Raident heads for upwards of 5000 years; yet methought by ſome Divine power I was as it were hurryed in, and the gates cloſed upon me, and I left in the Valley of the ſhaddow of Death; over which hung ſuch pitchy clouds as far exceeded thoſe that overcaſt the Land of *Pharoah*, (when *Amrams Son ſtretch'd out his wonder working Rod to mantle her in darkneſs, ſuch as might be felt,*) all of them compos'd of contagious damps, and noiſom fogs, the which breathed peſtelential Aires; on which hung Feavours, Agues, conſumptions, Coughs, Cattarahs, and ſuch like, the King of Terrors, Executioners to diſpatch ſuch as time delivers up to his power.

power. Here methought my Eares were filled with ſighs and groans, and Rivolets of Tears watered all the place, for there was not any humain Creature methought, except my ſelf, on which death had not ſet his Mark; then were they immediately ſummoned to appear before his fearful Throne, where high advanced, he ſat cloathed in his boody Robes, ſhaking a dreadful dart, on whoſe un-erring point deſtruction hung, his aſpect terrible, and on his head a Crown of Gold he wore, beſmear'd with ſlaughter, when opening his Grim Jaws as wide as Church-yards yaune, and with a diſmal voice, which ſounded out ſtrange horror and diſmay, commanded his deſtroying Legions to riſe from off their peſtilential Seats, and inſtantly to ſtrip the new-come number out of their garments of Mortality; which was no ſooner ſpoak, but a hedious cry inſew'd, which tormented and defuſed the noiſom Air, and echoed back ſad dolor; when in great conſternation, looking round, I ſaw my Company Transformed to Ghoſts, their mortal ſubſtance totally lay'd by, when as deaths Throne ſoon diſapeared, and all his Terrors withdrew, and a grave

large

large proſpect to the gates of vaſt Eternity, at which ſtood *Divine Juſtice*, in her Right hand brandiſhing a flaming Sword, and on her Left hung equal Ballances to waigh the Actions of dead; at ſight of her the Ghoſts ſtart back, *as when on a ſuddain (walking by the ſide of ſome ſweet Grove) one treads upon a Basking ſnake, whoſe direful Hiſs ſtriks Terror and Diſmay*, ſo they yet on they muſt to the great Tryal of their deeds, which now admitted no delay, ſeeing *Time* and *Death* had done their parts to bring them thither; but when they ſaw *Mercy* decend upon the wings of compaſſion cloathed with brightneſs, outſhining the Sun, and take her ſeat by *Juſtice*, a great number of them took courage and began to Sing, *bleſſed be the Lord God of Iſrael, who in the mid'ſt of Judgment has remembered mercy, and forgets not his Ancient loving kindneſs*; and thereupon came boldly forward, though ſeveral, who knowing themſelves to be diſperately wicked like *Cane* and *Judas*, ſtill diſpaired, and could gladly have been contented to have remained for ever in the ſhaddow of death, and have paſſed no farther; and theſe were they *that loved Darkneſs rather*

rather then light, becauſe their deeds are Evil; among whom were a conſiderable number of ſuch as had undertaken the building of *Babel* and miſcarried in the work, not being able to touch the ſacred life of him whom guardian Angels ſtill protect, but paſſing through the *Hang-mans* hands, by *Time* and *Deaths* appointment now were come to receive their juſt rewards for the carrying on of their pernicious enterprizes; So that being brought before the face of *Juſtice*; in order as they were ſent, foremoſt appeared ſuch a novice he could ſay nothing for himſelf, when as the ſecond who ſeemed to be a Secretary declared that what he had done he had not done upon his own account, but at the Inſtigation of others, therefore the crimes were there's who had ſet him on work, not his; and to make good what he had ſaid, he produced a great number of Papers and Parchments under hand and Seal, but all was to no purpoſe: A third pleaded the *Popes* pardon for his Juſtification, which he ſaid, fully abſolved him from all ſins paſt, preſent, and ſuch (if he had lived) as ſhould be committed in a hundred years to come; but

but that was lookt upon as ſo wicked an Allegation, that it rather augmented then Extenuated his Crimes: A fourth declared, that he had brought a grant of 30000 *Maſſes* a long with him, and therefore defired that they might excuſe him from farther puniſhment; but this as the reſt was looked upon as altogether ridiculous and prophaine.

Whereupon they being all waighed in the ballance, were found wanting and becauſe they all had not only been notorious Villains, but died with lies in their Mouths, *Mercy* would not interceed for them, ſo that by a juſt and righteous Judgment they were ſent to take up their aboad with him that had ſet them on work; at which Sentance they hung down their heads, and with heavy ſighs expreſt the anguiſh of their Souls, ſending curſes againſt thoſe who had deceived them with falſe promiſes of Joy, when I mediately an Angel with a Flaming ſword drove them before him, trembling and diſmaid to the brink of Eternity, from whence he plunged them into everlaſting woe, now an other ſort there were that were found waight and mercy interceeding for

for them, they were sent away with joy and great gladness, when as the Sceen vanished, and another more dreadful took place; and I survey'd the the large *Abbis* in Imagination, for methought Earth on a suddain yaun'd as when the warring Elements confin'd in her dark Bowels with irresistible force, wide breaches make and cleaving to the center upwards, fly leaving behind them *Earthquakes*, and by encountering the watery fleeces of the skie wing'd lightening and Loud Thunders cause, down into the breach methoughts perforce I drop'd, nor could my feet find footing on firm Land, but through dismal darkness and contageous damps decended, till at last the glimering of every burning Sulpher gave a prospect to the Vault of Hell, from whose *Zenith* Arch'd with sollid fire and clouded with ascending smoak, I at one Jump the dismal bottom gain'd, Lighting on my feet, just by a lake that burn'd with Liquid fire, on which methought stretch'd at full length lay weltring humain shapes, thick as Autumnal leaves that strowed the Brooks in *Vallumbrosa*, where *Etrurian* shades high over reach'd

Im-

Imbower, or ſcatred ſedgs a float; when with ſtrong Winds, *Orion* armed, has vext the Read Sea Coaſt, and thence aroſe a voice confus'd, made up of woes and lamentations loud through ſence of pain and loſs; nor, as I underſtood, were ever able to ſtir thence without Almighty ſufferance; when turning from this doleful ſceen, a ſenſe of pitty Glaz'd my Eyes with tears, which I ſcarce had dry'd, when ſhouts as loud as peals of Cannons made the hollow vault reſound, and ſend a murmoring Eccho back like Sea's from far, or thunder almoſt ſpent, which made me tremble, and no doubt look pale, for I thought it no leſs then the wild uproar of War; and looking round to ſee on which ſide danger was moſt Imminent, upon my right I ſaw a form Celeſtial, though ſome what dreadful, yet doubtful whither it were ſo endeed, for thought I, this place is all deluſion, and in ſacred writ it is recorded, that the *Prince of darkneſs can with tranſcendant brightneſs cloath himſelf.* My thought ſcarce ended, when up to me came the dread Viſion, and with an aſpect too ſevere to be beheld, demanded how I came into that diſmal place, Corpo-

ral as I was, and had not, entering through *the Gates of Death*, put off the garments of Mortality? At which I trembling ſtood not able to reply for a good ſpace; during which time I view'd him well, and beheld in either hand he graſped *linked Thunder-bolts*, and *Sulpherous hail*, and from his Eyes ſhot *Lightening* and *Deſtructive-fire*, ſo that I kneeling humbly beſought him to ſpare me ſince I knew not by what means I had decended into thoſe diſmal aboads, for I concluded that now I ſhould have had my *portion in the Lake*, and altogether gave my ſelf for gone, when in the moment that he was about to ſtrike, methoughts I heard a voice cry, *ſtay, hold thy dread hand*; at which he vaniſhed from my ſight, whilſt I not a little did rejoyce that from the Terror of his Arm I was ſet free, for I concluded it was *Divine vengeance*, and no leſs it proved as by the ſequel will appear; he gone, I wandered as I ſaw the way moſt eaſy, if it might be eaſy tearm'd, whoſe pavement glo'd with ſcorching heat, whilſt on each ſide Mountains more feirce then *Ætna* Rag'd, and with perpetual Thunder-claps, ſcattred hot aſhes through the dusky Air, which thick

as

as falling Snow rais'd high the dreadful plain; but long I had not wander'd, er'e I ſaw a ſtately pile begirt with Legions, hedious to behold, yet was the Fabrick Magnificent, and did reflect ſtrange light, ſet with Pilaſters round, and dorick Pillars overlaid with golden *Architraves*, the *Corniſhes* and *Freezes* of Silver, wrought with boſſy Sculptures, graven, the Roof was fretted Gold, to which not *Babilon*, nor great *Alcario* methought in their height of glory could compare, ſuch art has Impure Spirits to Erect what may out do the utmoſt skill of man, or at the leaſt with ſuch deluſions to blind our eyes; the folding dores wide opening did diſcover within the ample ſpaces or'e the ſmooth and ſhining pavement, where from the arched Roof Pendent by ſuttle *Majeck*, many a row of ſtarry Lamps and blazing Creſſents fed with *Naphtha* and *Aſphaltus*, yielding light as from a Skie: The paſſage was guarded by *Envy* and *Obdurate hate*, who crown'd with hiſſing Snakes look far more dreadful then the feigned *Gorgon*, or *Meduſa*, whom *Perdeus* ſlew, and made himſelf redoubted with her ſpoiles; next them ſtood *Luſt* and *Pride*; two mighty

Captains, under whoſe command were many Legions which they themſelves had raiſed as Volunteirs to ſerve the *Prince of night*, all Armed with fading pleaſures and vain hopes; theſe were moſt of them *Friers*, *Monks*, *Jeſuits*, *Priors*, and *Cardinals*, near them Ambition at the head of an Inumerable Company, whoſe elevated thoughts had made them reſtleſs, ſo that they could not keep their ground, but ever and anon they would be ſtarting out of their Ranks to catch at deluding ſhaddows that appeared to them in the ſhapes of *Gowns*, *Miters*, *Red-Hats*, *Lordſhips*, *Earldoms*, *Ducal Corronets*, *Scepters*, *Crowns*, and what not; but by reaſon they ſtood as it were upon a *precipice* in compariſon to the reſt of the Infernal guard, whilſt they purſued theſe Airy *Fantoms*, and over-reached themſelves too far to recover, down they plung'd head long into a deep Quagmire, from whence they never after could be freed, but their muſt welter in *Secula Seculorum*.

The next that ſtood in Rank and File was *Hippocriſy* with his Bands, which was double the number of the former, amongſt whom methoughts I beheld a great many

many female faces, the which I began to conjecture were thoſe who go by the name of Sanctified Siſters whilſt they live on Earth, but have no more then a bare out-ſide ſhow of godlineſs, and ſo they proved, nor had they forgot to ſhed *Crockadiles tears* even in Hell, thereby to ſhew they were the Daughters of *Hypocricy* their Leader; who ſtood in a demure poſture; clad in a long black Cloak, and *Janus* like two Faces under one hood, ſo that he would have puzled the wiſeſt Mortal that er'e breathed to have defin'd him; nay, I underſtood none could diſcover him to lay him open as he is, unleſs the great *Jehovah*, whoſe eyes run too and fro, and view the Darkeſt and obſcureſt Secrets that are lodged in Hell, for there *Hypocricy* is ſtiled the *Devils* great Leiutenant, and has a patten under the Infernal Seal for all his undertakings, and ſo in a row each deadly ſin took place, reaching methoughts from the gates of *Death* even to the high exalted pallace, and not one came thither but what was obliged to paſs through this guard, and taken Cognizance of by one or other of u'm, with whom he had been Converſant whilſt on Earth

for, as I underſtood, they dayly viſited the World for the moſt part under the Species of ſome ſeeming good or other, as well knowing that in their proper ſhapes they looked too dreadful, and would rather affright thoſe they deſigned to lead Captive, than alure them into the ſnares they had lay'd for their deſtruction; for certain it is, no Mortal ever yet loved vice for it's own immediate ſake, but for the ſake of the Coulorable virtue it by way of deluſion preſented to his ſight.

Well, I ſcarce had time to count the third part, or ſo much as caſt my Eyes upon the whole, er'e I was ſurprized at an outcry I heard behind me, when turning about, I beheld a great number of *Devils* ſhoveing along a poor Miſcreant, whom *Vain-glory* had brought thither in a ſtring, the which as a Teſtemony againſt him he then wore about his Neck, and ſtill as he came on he cryed with a hoarſe voice (as being almoſt ſpent for want of freſh Air) *this is not the way, this is not it*; and ever and annon would hang an Arſe, pretending that he had left his head and quarters behind him; and that he

he muſt go back again to fetch them: by this I began to conjecture who he was, and that I had ſeen him paſs through the Gate that Time kept, and that Death had diſpoſſeſſed him of his Mortal part; his Allegations little availed him, for on they brought him, but with ſo ſlow a pace, that I thought not fit to attend their Motion; the main Reaſon of which, was, becauſe the torrid clime ſmote ſo vehemently that methoughts it was no way commodius to move ſoftly or be ſtanding ſtill, when being about to Troop forwards as faſt as poſſible, it began to Thunder and Lighten extreamly, which ſo ſcattered the contagious Fogs and damps, that it now in ſome meaſure cleared up (if it may ſo be called, which at the cleareſt is but gloomy twy-light) and all things appeared as they had been Fantoms or Airey ſhapes, and ſo a number of them proved, for ſtill as I approached they vaniſhed, *like that wandering fire which oft deludes belated Travelers; nor is it any wonder that the Devils in their proper Manſions can deceive with ſuch falſe ſhapes, ſince upon Earth, as old Wives tell, ſtrange ſpectrums have been known to make their*

nightly Viſitations, and revealed as they declared the long hid Secrets of the Reſtleſs dead; but to be ſhort, after I had gone a thouſand paces, I ſtruck into a left hand way, leaving the Pallace on the Right, which by degrees methoughts began to vaniſh, till no part of it remained viſible, leaving behind it ſmoak and ſtench: I had not now Traveled far in this new way, before I heard as it were Humane voices, in the nature of ſeveral perſons in earneſt diſcourſe; *I wonder, crys one, we hear no news from Earth, I fear things are not carryed there to our advantage? Reply'd a ſecond, you have little reaſon to doubt of ſucceſs, for ſince the day that St.* Peters *Chair began to Lord it over Princes Thrones, and the crafty Prelates found a way to depoſe Monarks, never was ſuch a pack of well compacted Varlets Commiſſioned for the Management of our Affairs; 'twill be well, crys a third, if they prove ſo, for as I have been given to underſtand by ſome of our Airy Scouts, that* Lucifer *appointed to furniſh them with new Inſtructions.*

Several began to boggle at a thing called Conſcience, and if that once it be admitted to domineer or'e their deſ-

perate

perate reſolves for Honour and Intreſt, the whole deſign will totter, and by that means take Air, the which if once it does, it ſoon will burſt into ſo many peices that it will be almoſt if not altogether impoſſible to Cement it together again.

Reply'd a fourth (for ſo I took him to be by the ſeveral Alterations in their ſpeeches, though I could not diſcern any thing that repreſented a formal ſhape) ceaſe ſuch needleſs conjectures, *for can you ſuffer it to enter into your thoughts, that true* Roman *Hero's, under ſuch large diſpenſations and promiſes of Saintſhip for doing the Devils drudgery, will ever betray their truſt? No, for theſe were picked out for the purpoſe, & not puny Slaves whom fear can betray, and in their Faces write the inmoſt ſecrets of their Souls, theſe can ſwallow Oaths like Muſcadine, till their Conſciences are ſeized with Leathergies.*

Indeed, If it prove ſo, ſays an other, Lucifer *will be more bound to them then to any of their precedents, with many of whom the terror of a Hempen nooſe wrought more then promiſes of Saintſhip, on condition of Secrecy, or the Menaces of this infernal Kingdom for revealing.*

He

He ſcarce had ended, when a huge peal of ſighs were heard, which rumbled in the Dusky Air like half ſpent Thunder, and after them loud ſhrieks as of a number in pain, yet could I ſee nothing, which made me imagine I was in *Dodonas* Grove, where the Antients feign the Trees are inſpired with humane voices, ſo that taking Courage, methought I went till at laſt I ſaw a huge Mountain, whoſe top caſt out flames thick and faſt, and from the bottom aſcending to the middle Archwiſe, being hollow an exceeding depth even much like to what the Poets fabled *Vulcans* Forge, whereof Whirlwinds, fire and hail, he forged Thunderbolts for *Jupiter*; or like the Cave in which of old the Hermets uſe to dwell, when by auſtere Divotion they obtained to be *Idolatrized*, and after death had veneration paid them at their ſenſeleſs *Shrines*; in this great Cave, which to appearance like a Furnace Gloed, ſat the degraded *Seraphim* and his infernal Compeers Ploting Diſtruction to mankind, yet methought they ſat as in ſuſpence, not knowing how nor which way to proceed, as if ill boding thoughts had diſturbed, or Thunder-

ſtruck

ſtruck them with ſtrange Terror, when round they threw their Baileful Eyes that witneſſed huge affliction and diſmay, mixed with obdurate pride and ſteadfaſt hate, at once as far as Angels keen they viewed the diſmal Cituation waſte and wild, a Dungeon horrible on all ſides round as one great Furnace flamed, but from thoſe Flames no light but ſuch as ſerved to diſcover ſights of woe, Regions of ſorrow doleful ſhades, where peace and reſt can never dwell, but torture without end ſtill urges, and a fiery Deluge, fed with ever-burning Sulpher unconſum'd; ſuch place Eternal Juſtice has prepared for the Rebellious, and ſuch Traytors as once dare to ſtretch an impious Arm againſt his Majeſty Divine, which althings made, or that which he has conſtetuted Sacred in thoſe who command on Earthly Thrones as his Vicegerants; now as I came near to this place (though the ſmoak was much offenſive, and as it were clouded all the Sceen) I could plainly diſcern one come ſtoping on the wing, and lighting in the middle of the grand Aſſembly, cryed (with voices much reſembling the noiſe of Seas when driven by fierce winds againſt

ſome

ſome hollow Rock, whoſe craggy top far undermined hangs as 'twere noding or'e the riſing Surges.

Give Counſel great, Sirs, give Counſel, and that ſpeedily, or all is loſt, our Plots are ruined elſe, and all our ſeventeen years Labour brought to naught, the Gaurdian Angels that have our foes in charge ſcouting far and wide into the Realms of Darkneſs, have diſcovered all our ſecret contrivances and lay'd them open to the World, our workmen too have betray'd their truſts, and now the mighty Fabrick almoſt reared, ſtands totering on the brink of Ruin, and wants but an other puſh to leap from off its hinges; all's undone, undone for ever, unleſs ſome ſpeedy courſe be taken, 'tis now no time to dally, now or never muſt your profound Policies retrieve the Roman *Credit, which now begins to be an abhored ſavour in the noſtrils of mankind.*

At which, with Eyes that glared red Lightening, and a countenance wherein hatred, envy, pride, diſdain, and mannaces of implacable revenge were lively portray'd, ſtern *Luciſer* demanded what uſe had been made of thoſe Counſels the infernal Conſult had order'd to be

put

put in Execution upon the brute of the first Discovery.

For they, said he, no doubt had they been but rightly applyed, would have stifled it in it's infancy, and not have suffered the spreading Rumour to have grown to this Gigantick Stature you now speak off; declare, I say, why they were neglected by my infernal Empire, speak, or evermore be dumb; and here he ended with a frown that blackened all the place.

When as the Airy Messenger bowing low, reply'd, Great *Prince of Darkness*, and Regent of this dreadful place, all that you gave in charge has been put in Practice, all has been done, yet all avails us nought, but rather conduces to the fatal downfal of our dire designs, and makes a wider breach to let in the hated light which lays our secrets obvious to each Eye; Nay, those that ne'r conversed with reason so much as to discern twixt right and wrong, have so much sence (whither by inspiration or not I cannot tell) as to believe that *Rome* aided by your advice intends the utter subversion of the Northren Isles, and the deposing of that Majesty which they

they hold Sacred, and reſolve to ſtand by with their Lives and Fortunes.

Lucifer,] *But as to the Murthering him, who took the Depoſitions of our Engeniers that durſt betray our Secrets?*

Spirit,] That's effected Sir, the daring Knight is dead, cold as the face of Ice, he's now repoſed in the bowels of the Earth.

Lucifer,] *And did not that paſh infant diſcovery, in the mould of nature even before it could get time to breath?*

Spirit,] No, but like a niterous train lay'd to ſome ſecret Mine, near to the wall of a beleaguered Town for to intrap the heedleſs foe, when within danger, it unawares took fire, and by blowing up all before it, gave ſuch an allarum as Ecchod from Shore to Shore; Nay, the fatal blow has overturned the ſuperſtructure when almoſt reared, and diſcovered plain the deep Foundations of our dark Conſpiracies.

Lucifer,] *Ten thouſand horrors, plagues and whirwinds, How can it be? What have*

have I loſt my part Angelical, or has that upſtart Creature, man, received new Intelects, has our Almighty foe indued him with ſuch Sapience that Spirits Created of Celeſtial mould muſt be out bounded by Terreſtial ſubſtance, forms, by my procurment, ſubjected to the power of death almoſt as ſoon as made? But ſpeak, or may'ſt thou never more tell me, I ſay how could this happen, for according as I dictated it could not have miſcarryed?

Spirit,] All you commanded was obſerved; Nay more, and ſuch as you ne'r thought on, even all the Machavillian Pollicies that the be-nighted Sons of *Rome* could ſcrue from former practices of the like nature were added by way of Ingredients to make the potion work effectually.

Lucifer,] *Death and confuſion, that over-plus paſt doubt ſpoiled all, but ſay how was it brought about?*

Spirit,] Why after ſome conſideration had amongſt the Fathers of what you late preſcribed, they all agreed the Counſel was meterial, and thereupon picked out ſuch truſty deſparadoes as they

they thought moſt convenient, ſuch as had ſucked Murther from their Infancy, and dream't continually of Maſſacres and deſſolation, theſe they ſet to lie purdue, thereby to get the windward of the ſcent of blood, which when they once obtained, they like *Voracious* hounds had orders to purſue the Chace and not to leave it till they had bathed deep in the Quarry.

Lucifer,] *Explain your ſelf and run not on in Miſteries, though to unriddle them to me 'tis little pain, Arch Angel as I am, though fallen and diſpoſſeſſed of the Criſtaline powers, I held once in the high Empyrean, yet my Judgment to diſcern Remains unſhaken.*

Spirit.] Then to be plain, after they had gotten ſure intelligence he was to walk abroad, ſome watched his motion almoſt all a Winters day, and like his *Malus Genius*, traced his foot-ſteps whereſoever he went, whilſt others were preparing the ſtage whereon the Tragedy was to be Acted, when evening came, and nights dark mantle ſpread one half the Globe, the unthinking Knight, that Object of premeditated hatred

hatred and revenge, as if fate had guided his wandering ſteps, took the ready road unto Deſtruction paſt doubt, not meaning that his thread of life was ſo near ſpun, when at the enterance on the ſtage he was Saluted by the Meſſenger of Death, placed for the purpoſe, ſuch as could ſmiling Kill, and without the leaſt remorſe to ſerve your Intereſt, ſtab their deareſt Friends, whilſt in their Arms they were Embracing.

Lucifer,] *Well, and what inſued?*

Spirit,] Death and Deſtruction Sir, you may be ſure.

Lucifer,] *But how? Trifle not with me thus leaſt I grow Impatient, and my anger ſcorch thee up worſe then the Thunder which thou fled'ſt from, when our Eternal foe Shot after us (then falling) Cattarcats of Sulpherous hail which kindled theſe grim Fires.*

Spirit,] Dread Emperour, I'm all obedience; well under a feigned pretence of parting a Combate, they perſwaded him to enter on the Stage,

and inviorning him on all ſides, when he leaſt ſuſpected, round his neck they caſt the fatal Inſtrument of his Diſtruction, and like true Murthering Sons of *Rome*, ne'r left him till they had fulfilled your pleaſure to a tittle, as to the bereaving him of life, but then the other part of your Inſtructions which you ſent in order to the diſpoſing of the Corps was not obſerved, though ſome did think it moſt material.

Lucifer,] *What not by loading him with waights, and ſinking him unto the bottom of the neighbouring flood, was not that obſerved, that I Counſelled?*

Spirit.] No, But after having ſhewed him to ſome longing *Ladies*, and removed him from place to place, at laſt when the Moons pail beams were hid in miſty Clouds, and the Sun had been a long time ſunk, the lifeleſs part of that much dreaded man (who durſt ſtand in the Gap to ſtop the delluge that was coming on) they convey'd unto a diſtant Hill, by ſuch means as they thought moſt convenient, and there run through with his own ſword they left

left him, ſuch was the Counſel of the Fathers (*Alias*) your dear Sons the *Jeſuits*, thereby to induce the not well aſured people to believe that the ſence of wrong done to your hopeful tribe had cauſed ſuch deep diſpair as had obliged him with his proper hands to put a Period to his days, but being found, the former marks of death made them believe far otherwiſe, and more and more confirmed the Genuing belief, which now ſwelled from a Mole-hill to a Mountain, and made them rage like *Etna*; nor would they ever after that hearken to our plauſable excuſes; all then on our ſide went to wrack, our overſeers were ſurprized, our workmen ſcattered, and the work was made to ceaſe; *Rome* was diſtracted at the News, and your old Son looked pale as death when he but heard it mentioned, and had like to have tumbled from his Chair.

Lucifer,] *Confuſion and Diſorder rage throughout the Univerſe, let nature drop the mould from out of her hands e're its half finiſhed, let the Orbs run backward and let the World ſuſtain Axiſs breake, and with its fall reduce the Earths Globe into its Original Attoms, ſince all the*

hopes of Hell are loſt, loſt, by the wilful error of ſuch as had the management of our affairs, worſe then ten thouſand Purgatories, *ſeize them for rejecting the materialleſt part of my Counſel; O I'm at a loſs, and cannot think which way to retreive this foul diſgrace, to be thus baſled and out done, who ever more will truſt our cuning! But go, I joyn thee in Commiſſion with* Ignatius *and our other truſty Servant, go, I ſay, and try what may be done to ſtay the torrent e're it grows too high, or if that be Impoſſible, then ſtrive to turn the ſtream an other way whilſt it is foardable, uſe all endeavours, and then Expect our farther Counſel.*

Spirit,] I fly, and ſwift whirlwinds add unto my Speed.

He was no ſooner gone, but up came the poor Catiff, I before ſpoke of, attended by his *Black Guard*, but Divine Juſtice had ſo Thunder ſtruck him, that he could ſcarce hold up his head; How now, Sirrah, (quoth *Lucifer*) whence came you? But he anſwered never a word; at which *Lucifer* began to ſtorm, when as a *Devil* that had aſſiſted in bringing

bringing him thither, took the boldneſs to ſpeak for him, and declared that he had been Imployed about the building of *Babel*, and had miſcarryed in the work: Has he ſo, quoth *Lucifer*, and how came that about? Why, quoth the *Devil*, He would needs be prating of things above his Element unſeaſonably, and devulging of ſecrets that touch'd our undertakings to the quick, even in the hearing of our Enemies, for which he was detected, and time having let him into Deaths Pallace, as you may plainly ſee by this paſport he wears about his neck (taking up the Rope that hung dangling down, at which the poor Slave ſtarted back as fearing a ſecond ſwing) and death having done his part, delivered him up to Divine Juſtice, who has ſent him hither under our Conduct, we having had no ſmall trouble to get him along, his Plea being that he was out of his way, for that he had received Orders to paſs directly for *Paradice*, and not ſo much as to call at *Purgatory*, the which he believed this place could not be neither, for that it ſmelt ſo Damnable ſtrong of Brimſtone; with a thouſand of the like impertinent Stories.

Sirrah (quoth *Lucifer*) is this true I hear on you? Hold up your head, I ſay, and anſwer me or elſe take him you of the *Black Guard* and caſt him into *Gehenum* to Herd with *Judas*, *Herrod*, *Pontius Pilate*, and the reſt; at that he began to fall a blubbering, and with a faint voice declared that he could not well expect leſs puniſhment then they, for that now his Conſcience that ſo long had been lulled a ſleep was fully awakened, and he found that he had been altogether deceived by falſe promiſes, and thereby induced to prate about the Deſtruction of his great Maſter, who had never injured him, under the ſhadow of whoſe protection he had lived, and might have ſtill lived happy and have received the benigne influence communicated to all that retain their due obedience.

How? (quoth *Lucifer*) do you repent you then? Ah---yeſs that I do, (ſaid he) and have good reaſon for it have I not, ſince I have been ſo baſely cheated out of happyneſs both Temporal and Eternal for ought I ſee.

Go, go, (quoth *Lucifer*) you have been a babling fool, and have done us more

more hurt then ever you will be able to make ſatisfaction for; was not the vail rent wide enough before, but that you muſt unadvizedly give it another twitch, to lay open yet more fully to the Worlds great Eye our dreadful Intentions, and the ſecrets which all Hell ſo long had been devizing.

I wiſh, reply'd he, I had done it ſooner, but in a way far different, then I paſt doubt had eſcaped what now for ought I ſee I muſt be content to undergo.

Ha! Sayſt thou ſo (quoth *Lucifer*) I wonder how thou eameſt to be entertained amongſt the bold Sons of *Rome*, who uſe not to Repent of Evil, but rather ſtrive for to excel each other in brave iniquity, and glory in the Maſtery; but 'tis in vain to hold diſpute with one ſo ſhallow ſoul'd, Here guards take him up and fix him on yon Rock, there to be made the ſport of Racking whirlwinds, and although he made a thouſand wry faces, yet away they hurryed him without reply.

He was no ſooner removed, but up came another with a great bundle of papers under his Arm; and an elevated countenance, being guarded by a file

of well Timber'd *Devils*, whoſe Eyes to all apperance were placed on the top of their Crowns, and were ſaid to be inroaled under Ambitions *Banner*; when he was come as near as he thought convenient, he ſtood ſtill, and began to open his bundle and fell to ſorting his Trumpery, when as *Lucifer* demanded what he was? Here be my credentials (replyed he) by theſe your Highneſs may underſtand, and thereupon he went to deliver u'm.

Away, away, crys *Lucifer*, are you not here in perſon, anſwer to my Queſtion then and trouble us not with ſuch needleſs fripery; when he ſaw that they would nothing avail him, he began to ſigh, as fearing it would go very hard on his ſide, yet recollecting his faiding Spirits, he ſet as good a face on't as poſſible, and began to open the Series of his life as followeth.

I am, (quoth he) a man that have done wonders to advance the Intreſt of this your Empire, nor have I ſpared any Labour to put your Counſels in practice; Nay, I had ſo far gone upon the main deſign that had not I been ſurpriz'd, and the unhappy deſteny chanced to cut my thread of Life, I had been more

Famous

Famous in the *Roman* Chronicles then *Clemant* or *Ravilliack*, and the fellow that burnt *Dianas* Temple at *Epheſus*, had been but an Aſs to me; yet as it is I am well enough if I can but ſee, for I have got my name Regiſtered in *Red Letters* amongſt the *Tory* Saints, and have now only taken thus much pains to give you a laſt viſit.

Say'ſt thou ſo, (quoth *Lucifer* and Grimly ſmil'd,) but pray which way mean you to return, for although the ingreſs is eaſy yet the Egreſs is very difficult if not altogether impoſſible, by reaſon of the many windings and turnings you will meet withal in this ſtrange Country, and by miſſing your way perhaps be forced to Encounter many a fiery Alp over which unleſs you had Wings, or damnable long Claws you will never be able to get.

Nay, Reply'd he, what need I put my ſelf to that trouble, for by the *Popes* Holineſs, I intend to return the ſame way I came: that cannot be, ſaid *Belzebub*, who ſat on *Lucifers* right hand, for this place is not like a *Popiſh Nunnery*, out of which Virgins who enter under a vow of Chaſtety for Life can be purchaced at pleaſure to Satiate the Luſt

of

of ſome fat *Cardinal*, or be commanded thence for the *Pope's* Private Recreation.

No, Here is no ſuch thing, for you could not have come hither unleſs Divine Juſtice, who keeps the Gate, had let you in, and whom ſo e're ſhe lets in, let them take no care for their return, or if they do it to the ſame purpoſe; For when *Tantalus* catches the Aples that lie bobing at his Noſe, *Ixions* Wheel ſtands ſtill, and *Siſſaphus* Stone is Lodged upon the Hill, then may you hope for a proſperous Voyage back into the World.

Yes, yes, ſaid *Lucifer*, he tells you the naked truth, for although we hate truth it ſhould be uſed amongſt men whilſt on Earth, yet in this Kingdom I am content that *ſad Experience* and her Siſter *too late Repentance* ſhould teach it unto All; Therefore take him *Goaler* and carry him where he may be better inſtructed what he has to truſt too.

And with that an over Oficious *Devil* began to lay his Paws upon him to bear him thence, when as the poor Catiff with ſhuddering horror and abrumpt ſtamering, cryed woe is me, and is it come to this?

But

But ſweet Mr. *Devil*, for the profitable ſervice I have done you, Licence me to ſpeak a word or two before theſe polt footed Raskals get me into their Clutches; which was granted, and thus he began.

It is not unknown, I well hope to this Aſſembly how Induſterous I have been for ſeveral Years paſt to promote the Intreſt of this infernal Empire, by endevouring to bring ſuch things to paſs as would have ſent you Troops of Red-hot *Heriticks* broiled ready to your hand at no ſmall Expence of Faggots, had my projects took effect.

Ay, but (Reply'd a *Devil* that ſtood at his Elbow) you went on ſo ſlowly in that Affair, that you ſuffered our Enemies to take the Advantage, and withal ſo negligent when you knew what danger was Impendent, that by not conveying away your Trumpery you let in day-light to diſcover all the dark intreagus which had ſo long been brooding.

Hold your prating, Sirrah, (quoth *Lucifer*) and let him proceed, or I ſhall cleave your Cox-comb with my Mace; at which the poor *Devil* drew in his horns

horns and ſneaked away without a word more.

Then was Commandment given for ſilence upon pain of being hung up by the heels in a ſmoaky Chimney, and he ordered to proceed; I had, ſaid he, at vaſt Expence, though indeed at little of my own, got ſuch a number of workmen Inroald to labour in your Harveſt, that the like has not been known ſince the day your eldeſt Son loſt footing in my native place, and had ſo well compoſed them in time and number, that they needed no farther ſcruing up, well skilled they were in all the little buſyneſſes of *Mining* and *Countermining* and could Artificially dawb o're the very Enterance upon Deſtruction, ſo that he muſt be *Eagle* ſighted, that could diſcern it e're he had paſſed on ſo far as would admit of no retreat.

Come, come to the purpoſe, quoth *Lucifer*, and ſpend not our time in trifling thus, and fetching a compaſs a hundred Miles about, for we have other fiſh to fry then only to give eare to noiſe, pray how came it about? As one of our guard Inſtanced, but now that you was ſuch a negligent Raſcal

to

to forget your Paquets, I heard ſomething on't before this time.

I, that, that, (quoth *Belzebub*) moſt mighty *Lucifer*, let him Anſwer to that point.

Nay, (Reply'd he) as to that point Mr. *Devil* I muſt intreat you to ſpare me, for the very thoughts of ſuch a prodigeous overſight has plagued me ſufficiently, eſpecially when at any time I peeping through the Iron wicket of my Terreſtial Tophet, was wonted to behold a Creſted drove or heard, a Poſt-horn Tuted.

Like enough ſo, (quoth *Moloc* looking as Grim as he of old was accuſtomed at a *Jewiſh* Sacrifice) but that will not ſerve your turn, ſhew us ſome better Reaſons for it, or elſe we'l hear no more but deliver you up to the Tormentors; Slave that you was, ſo to betray the cauſe as if you on purpoſe Conſpired 'its overthrow, could not ſo much warning as (we have been Informed) you had, have obtained a *Habias Corpus* for the removeal of your Memorandums, Hell and Confuſion, where were your ſences that you looked no better to the Moddle of the building.

Alas,

Alas, Sir replyed he, I was Infatigated and knew not what to do, my ſuddain ſurprize ſpoiled my forecaſt, and left me as one doſed, raiſing in me a Tempeſt of diſtracted thoughts, which Shipwracked all my Reaſon; Therefore O ſweet Mr. *Devil*, harp no more upon that ſtring as you love me, but ſince it has pleaſed the *Popes* Holineſs to paſs it over nay to Cannonize me for my great ſervice, and a half wited Poetaſter to put up his Supplication to me in *Heroick's*, as if I had been conſtituted Controuler of the nine Siſters; I pray you be favourable to me, and not withſtanding all your *Devil*-ſhips have been pleaſed to ſay, ſeeing I have been ſo kind as to Viſit you ſuffer me to depart on my way to promiſed *Paradice*.

Poor deceived Fool, (quoth *Lucifer*) you are ſo far out of your Road, that I can aſſure you, you will never come thither; for why, to be plain with you there's no way from hence, that leads to that place, and ſince you'r grown ſuch an inſiped Coxcomb, that you can give us no Satisfactory account of your Actions; we conclude it time ill ſpent to Diſcourſe you farther.

There-

Therefore away with him Goaler, and now I think on't, let him take up with *Guido Faux*, *Cateſby*, *Percy*, *Rookwood*, and the reſt of the infatigated undertakers. And as they are Pikled in Gun-powder, to preſerve them from being ſcented up to the Earth, that ſo their names and Actions may be forgotten if it be poſſible, ſo hang him up by the heels and ſmoak him with Roles of his own Papers till ſuch time as his Antlars drop off.

At the hearing of this dreadful Sentance, he let the bundle of Trumpery he had under his Arm fall to the Ground, which a Company of *Devils* that ſtood by ſnatched up, and had no ſooner looked on u'm, but finding that it conſiſted of *Pardons*, *Indulgences*, *Mandats*, Directed to St. *Peter* for a ſpeedy admittance, and ſuch like Rifraff they fell into a fit of Laughter that laſted for the ſpace of an hour do *Lucifer* what he could, and long it was before he underſtood the occaſion of their mirth; which when he did he ordered the parcel to be divided, ſending one part to his Bog-houſe for Tayl Timber, and the other was reſerved for ſmoaking Fuel; upon this the miſerable Wretch (perceiving

ceiving he had loſt all hopes of returning, and that the Game went againſt him) began (in a pityful tone) to wiſh that he had never been born, to be ſo baſly cheated; for (ſaid he) when I undertook to be a builder, how was I flattered with promiſes of greatneſs whilſt on Earth, and to be Infallibly convey'd to Heaven after my deceaſe, what *Pardons* and *Indulgences* had I ſent me to confirm me from ſtarting aſide, how did the ſubtle Serpents by poiſoning my Ambition, make it ſwell almoſt to burſting.

Alas, alas, did they take all thoſe pains to bring me to Diſtruction, Fool that I was to truſt them ever; O that I had accepted Life when it was offered, and not wilfully have plunged my ſelf into this diſmal place.

O! *Rome*, *Rome*, Thou deceavor of the Nations, how haſt thou inſnared me with thy Alurements, and made me to ſwallow thy guilded baits that now prove Poyſon to my Soul; Nay, to the laſt Gaſp thou dideſt deceive my Expectations, and what's more grievious now to my Remembrance, that by the Titular name I bear of Saint, I may be the occaſion of bringing many to this place,

place, who whilſt they pray to me to ſtand their friend, who for ought I ſee I muſt perpetually ſuffer under Divine vengance for my Crimes, and not be able to befriend my ſelf, damn themſelves by groſs Idolatry, and will be bound to Curſe me to all ages.

I now perceive how many thouſands have been deluded with vain hopes, whilſt that they pay'd their blind Devotions at the ſenſeleſs Shrines of ſuch pretended Saints, whoſe Eares their prayers could never reach, had they cry'd as loud as *Baals* Prieſts did at their Sacrifice, or put Caſe they could, it would prove but a kind of cruel mockage, and add to their miſeries, to have veneration, and be implored for aſſiſtance in *Matters*, *Marriage*, *Sickneſs*, *Child-birth*, *Storms*, *Wars*, and all *Adverſities*; when many of them by the waight of their Enormous offences paſt doubt have Sunk to the bottom of this Huge Convex of Fire, amongſt whom 'tis my hard fate not only to be regiſtred, but ſorted.

Now it is I call to mind the great *French* Doctor, and reputed Saint, who being dead and lay'd upon a Bear in the

Church, (when in saying the service they came to *Ora pro nobis*, *pray for us*) he started up, and with a terrible voice cry'd, *I am condemned by the just Judgment of God*, which he repeated three sundry times, to the great amazement of his fooliſh Idolitors, and would not hold his peace as often as *Ora pro nobis*, was repeated, ſo that they were at laſt obliged to omit that part of the flattering (or rather pernicious) Cerimony.

But alas, what avails my repentance here, unleſs I could return to the world again! O my Conſcience! my Conſcience! Now diſpair begins to Rack me with Eternal torment, and I find I'm loſt for ever; O that I had been wiſe in time, but now it is too late; and here he began to ſet up ſuch a dreadful Throat as made the Vault to Eccho; whereupon *Lucifer* began to chafe exceedingly, and offered to throw his Mace at the head of the *Devil* that had him in Cuſtody, for not taking him thence according to Order, at which (he not daring longer to neglect his Duty) whiped him up upon his Back and ran away with him as faſt as an *Iriſh Bog-Trotter*.

He

He was ſcarce out of ſight when up came two fellows, who for their ſimple attire ſeemed to be of the *Raged Regiment*, their looks were much dejected, and they advanced, but very ſlowly, ever and anon caſting their Eyes over their ſhoulders, which made me Imagine they Expected more Company; wherein I was not miſtaken, for ſhortly after more of the ſame Tribe arrived upon the Coaſt; but in the mean while theſe were brought to the Bar, and *Lucifer* with a dreadful look demanded whence they were, and what buſineſs brought them thither?

At which one of them having a Beard much like a *Chimney-ſweepers Broom*, began to make his Appology as the former had done, that he and his Companion being bound for *Paradice* had upon the confines of Eternity loſt themſelves in a Fogg, and by that means had miſtook the Road and were wandered they knew not whether; but at laſt coming to a long dark Entery they met ſeveral Gentlemen in black that undertook to be their guids, who after many a weary ſtep over ſuch hot ground as had burnt out the Soles of their

Shooes they were Arrived, where he saw them. But in what Country they were, or what the places name was, he professed he could no more tell then *Pope Joan*, but he hoped when the Fogg was a little over, and he could see to Read Directions that they should do well enough; For, said he, if we follow them, we have been credibly informed, we cannot miss our way; but if their be any thorrow paced Guids to be hired, rather then we will linger, or give these Gentlemen any farther trouble, we will be content to give them a Cuple of *Indulgences* for their pains.

At this the *Divils* could hold no longer, but fell a Laughing till their sides began to crack, which occasioned the poor Catiffs to gaze one upon the other for a considerable space, as much wondering what should be the occasion of the suddain mirth; but looking more wishfully upon those that had brought them thither, they perceived their *Cloven-feet*, and that they had *Paws* instead of *Hands*, at which they looked far paler then Death himself, and on a suddain, not being well assured, they started from their Rank and betook themselves to their heels as fast as they could

could drive; at which a Leſh of *Devils* were ſent after them full Cry, who overtook them e're they had ſhuffled it two hundred paces, and draged them back again by the head and ſhoulders, ſhewing no more mercy on them then a *Goaler* would do to a repriſed fellon after his having broken Priſon.

They had no ſooner brought them back again, but Boults were put upon their Legs; For, quoth *Lucifer*, ſeeing they are light heeld, 'tis good to make ſure of u'm, and then he began to Queſtion what they were, and how they came to behave themſelves ſo I'll upon Earth as to be ſent to him: ſent to you (quoth one of u'm, who at firſt I took for a Butler or Cook, by reaſon he had a Napkin hanging at his Girdle, but I was afterwards better informed) why who are you, if a man may be ſo bold to aske?

Sirrah, (ſaid *Lucifer*) Anſwer to the Queſtion propoſed e're you preſume to aske any: (no reply'd the other, who had all this while been mute) we will Anſwer to none of your Queſtions, unleſs we know you better, and I would adviſe you to have a care what you do; for we are the *Popes* Friends, and can

produce our paſport under his own hand if occaſion require it; nor do I well know how you will Anſwer the abuſe we have already received, if his Holineſs ſhould call you to an account for it, as we doubt not but he ſoon would if he but once knew on't; at this the Aſſembly fell into a ſecond fit of Laughter, nor could *Lucifer* himſelf refrain drawing his mouth from Ear to Ear, ſetting the corners a foot aſunder at leaſt, which made them not a little Angry, though they ſaw no way to help themſelves, for by this time it might be Read plainly in their viſſages that they began to be ſenſible in whoſe Cuſtody they were, and how they had been deluded; and thereupon they began to ſhake their heads and fetch deep ſighs; the Laughter was no ſooner over, but Order was given to the *Devils* that had them in charge, to dip u'm over head an Ears in *Phlegeton*, and by the help of Liquid fire to Mould them into a better Temper; which they hearing, thought it was now no time to Expoſtulate, but rather to ſubmit, ſo that tumbling down upon all four, they beged pardon; and excuſed themſelves by Ignorance.

'Tis

'Tis well, ſaid *Bellzebub*, we ſee what fair means cannot do, foul muſt; come hold up your hands, and anſwer to ſuch Queſtions as ſhall be demanded; the which (though unwillingly) they had no ſooner done, but it plainly Appeared, that they had been defiled with blood, and that it was for a *Quondam Aſſaſſiation* that they ſtood committed, which being Examined point by point, it was concluded that they did it more for ſelf-intereſt, and hopes of merriting a ſuter ſtate of bliſs (though they had come far ſhort of it) then to Advance the infernal Empire.

Therefore it was thought fit they ſhould be quartered with *Cain*, *Nimrod*, *Nero*, *Bonner*, *Bradſhaw*, the *Parriſian* and *Iriſh-Maſſacreers*, &c. Over whom bloody mouthed *Allecto* does inſult, and dayly ſcurges with a hundred hiſſing *Snakes*; when they heard this, they had forgot their former Agility, and ſtood as motionleſs as Statues, till a ſwindging *Devil* Porter to the Murther-Maſter General, ſnatch'd the linring Inſtrument, and holding it up, cryed, I'le be hanged if theſe fellows did not Imagine that we wanted tackling in

Hell to bundle u'm up, and therefore came ready provided; whereupon they began to excuſe themſelves in that matter, and would have gone on to declare the Service it had done, but the *Devil* was impatient, and told them it was like to do more Service yet, and with that he Cap'd it about their necks, and giving it a twiſt or two, threw them upon his back and carryed them to an adjacent Vault, where he had no ſooner opened the dore, but there iſſued out bloody flames mixed with Pitchy ſmoak, and ſuch a yell as if a thouſand Dragons all at once had breathed their laſt, and after that ſuch a noiſe of claſhing weapons, and horrible Execrations, that I trembled and could hardly ſtand my ground for fear; this I underſtood was the place alotted by Divine Juſtice for Tyrants, private and publick *Aſſaſſinates*, *Cut-throats*, *Duelliſts*, and indeed for all ſorts of *Homicides*! Nor is it a wonder that they are ſo ſeverely dealt withal in Hell, ſeeing that it is ſo grevious a ſin in the ſight of the Almighty, that they ſeldom eſcape Exemplary Puniſhments, whilſt on Earth for blood crys loud for vengance, and will not be lightly put to ſilence.

Theſe

These were no sooner in, and the Key turned upon u'm, but up comes an other of the same Tribe, having a long Staff in his hand, so that you would have taken him for one of the Nocturnal Evacuators.

When staring about him a while, he began to aske one of the *Devils* that stood next him, where he was? Why, in Hell, said he, what could you expect less? How? In Hell, said he; Nay, then I have e'n brought my Hoggs to a fair Market.

At which, *Lucifer* snaping him up short, demanded what his name was? Nay Sir, said he, if you know me not, belike I am not Registered; Therefore I would desire to see by what Authority you presume to detain me, or how your Catch-poles durst take me up; for by *Antichrist*, if you do not produce it quickly, I will set the *Pope* upon your back, who shall Arrest you at my suit for false Imprisonment, and clap you up in *Purgatory* without Bail or Mainprize, where you shall be dous'd over head an Ears in *Holy-water* at least twice a day, and have your head muffled up in the Relict of some old fashioned

fashioned Saint that has lately left his Lodging without paying his Reckoning: at this *Lucifer* falling into a rage, ordered the Standers by to Ram half a dozen Balls of wild Fire down his Throat, the which they, almost as soon as bid performed; which made him (*Cacus* like,) belch up smoak and fire in such abundance, that the noisom vapour it ingendred infected all the place, and proved so strong a Contagion, had it not been disperced by a certain whirlwind, that then arose, that it might have infected all Hell, for the dose was according as I was informed by the *Jesuits* prescription, and was made up of the combustable meterials that scaped in sixty six: Well, here he fell to Wheesing and Coffing so extreamly that he was not able to speak a word more, and thereupon he was sent away to take up with his fellows.

Now I began to think it high time to depart, but whilst I was looking about me for the readiest Road, I beheld not above a hundered paces distant two miserable wretches whom Divine vengance drove before him, and lashed them still as they ran on with Fiery Whips,

Whips, whilſt with Lamentable voice they ſang to the Tune of *Lacrame*, and Skiped and Daunced at every Jerk, much like a *Tumbrilſhaver* on his journey towards *Holburn-Bars*.

How now, ſaid *Lucifer*, fellows what are you? 'Tis ſure you muſt be notorious Villains indeed, ſince Divine vengance himſelf vouchſafes to conduct you hither for fear you ſhould breed a diſturbance in my Dominions: Alas, cry one of them (having a *Jeſuits* face, which made me Imagine him to be no leſs) we did not deſire him to give himſelf the trouble, for the truth on it is, we had rather have been without his Company; no matter for that, ſaid Divine vengance, (with ſuch a dread ful voice and frown ſevere as made the very Fiends to tremble) ſuch was the great Creators will that I my ſelf ſhould ſee ſuch puniſhed with the worſt of Plagues, his wrath in this dire place of vengance has heaped up in ſtore; againſt what Majeſty; ye impious wretches, did you late Conſpire, had not his Gaurdian Angel ſtay'd your hand (pointing to one of them) the Sun had darken'd at your Villany: he had no

ſooner

ſooner ſaid, but up came an other of the ſame confedracy having a grant of 30000 Maſſes in his hand, and brought along by one no leſs terrible then the former, and placed with the other, when as they began to excuſe themſelves upon ſuch as ſet them on work.

Saying, They were ſure *Lucifer* would be on their ſide, ſeeing he was the Principle contriver of their Stratagems and Devices; whereupon the Devil hearing what they lay'd to his charge, began to draw in his Horns, and would have diſembled the matter, as being both Angry and half aſhamed to be accuſed in his own Dominions; but he thought it was no time then to wrack his revenge for the affront, becauſe he ſaw a ſtorm more dreadful threaten, even ſuch a one as made the Infernal Regions tremble, nor delay'd it, for on a ſuddain ſwift whirlwinds mixed with direful flames, and loud infernal Thunders raged from every part, woes and out-crys made the diſmul Vault to tremble, when wraped in clouds of burning Sulpher, they were ſnatched thence, and being bound in Adamentine Chains, plung'd headlong into the Fiery Billows

of

of the Tossing Lake, where thunder struck and overwhelmed with spouting Fires, they sunk like Lead.

When the Fiery Tempest (that seemed to confound the Mansions of Eternal night) was once blown over, Shrill voices Echo'd from a-far, and seemed by the sound to draw nearer and nearer; so that methoughts whilst I stood listning, a whole Troop of Female formes appeared at a distance, wringing their hands, and much bewailing their hard fates; when they came near, I perceived they were for the most part very comely and well featured, which made me begin to wonder how it should happen that such Saint-like Creatures should be doomed to such a dismal Place: and thereupon was very Inquisitive to know their crimes, which I had not long been, before one of the foremost began to bewail her lost condition: O, said she, that I had never known the lude *Nunneries*, those *Semineries*, of all *Debaucheries*; O that my Parents should be so much overseen to put me to the *Devils* School to learn the way to Heaven.

Alas,

Alas, Alas, that ever I was Born, to come to this dismal place; and then she fell to weeping and wringing her hands again; when as another began: O my old doating Father, said she, let his Monument be raised, and his memory forgot, a curse on his over-much fondness, or rather Barbarous cruelty, who in the Spring-Tide of my youth and blooming beauty, to save my Chastity by keeping me from my Lovers Armes, who tendered my Honour as his Life, thrust me into a *Nunnery*, and left me to the Temptations of the lustful *Monks* and *Fryars*, which had been all one as if he had Administred a poison portion to have cooled a raging Feavors flames; or as if a trembling *Dove* had been put into a *Vulters* Cage to save her from Rapacious Foul.

Alas, How did they tempt me forth to midnight *Matins* with Lacivious smiles, no whispers passed but their Devotion still gave place unto their lude designes, and all their studies were how to betray my virtues? How often was the *Grate*, through which I with the rest were shriven, removed, and like a Portcullis drawn up at pleasure to give access unto each lusty *Lubber*, under pretence

protence of coming to ſhrive a ſick diſembling Damzel, who would give out that it was death to riſe; when in truth, all was but feigned to make a Cloak for cloſe Adultry! How long did I withſtand their Temptations, even to the repelling force with force? O that I had done ſo ever! How did they perſwade me it was but a venial ſin, or rather none at all, ſtrengthning their unlawful requeſts with ſpecious Arguments, and that I might ſin boldly: How many vows did they make of obtaining me a free pardon, which ſhould aquit me of ſins paſt, preſent, and to come: How many *Concubines* did they reckon up that had been Sainted, and have dayly offerings at their ſhrines? What a world of Felicity did they promiſe me, even an Exemption from *Purgatory*, and a ſpeedy paſſage to the happy Manſion; and when all this would not do, they found other Engins to batter the Bullwork of my Chaſtity, to wit, my Female Companions, whom they bribed to betray me; ſo that by their inticements I yielded, and when once I was entered, we reveled in the pleaſing ſin *whoſe wages* (I now by ſad Experience find) *is Death*: And then ſhe fell to houling

houling ſo Lamentably, that methought I could no chuſe but pitty her.

She had ſcarce made an end, but another began to open; I, ſaid ſhe, was meerly Trappan'd into this ſnare, for had I had my own will I had lived and died both Honeſt and Virtuous; my induſterous Parents having left me a large Competency at their deceaſe, committed me to the charge and care of my Unckle, who during my nonage, like a wicked wretch, for lucre of my portion, got me by a wild to be ſhut up amongſt the Religeous, as he termed them; the effects of whoſe Religion (if it may be properly called ſo) I know by ſad Experience; as for Adulteries and Murthers neither the common Stews, nor ſtorm'd Towns (when the inraged Souldiers Scale the Walls or enter at a Breach, and with diſtructive Weapons fly at random on the Lives of all they meet) can much exceed; No, nor in ſome reſpects, compare to what is done in Cloiſtered Cells; For there the lude Mothers are not content to bring forth their Illegitimate off-Spring, but to hide their ſhame, deſtroy them with their proper hands, and either conſume their tender bodies

in

in the flames, or bury them in private: a monſterous wickedneſs to be committed by ſuch as by their outward ſhew of Chaſtity and Sanctimony are by the unthinking Vulgar counted no leſs then Saints whilſt they remain on Earth: but why do I accuſe them, fleſh is frail, nor can the ſofter ſex be proof againſt ſuch Arguments as are uſed; with grief I ſpake it, here ſhe ended and ſtraitway an other began to tell her Tail, going from point to point, as if ſhe had been at a Confeſſion, or repeating the wonderful Adventures of ſome midnight goſſiping; as for my part, ſays ſhe, I had a pleaſant life on't as long as it laſted, had I been entered a Penſioner in the *Turks Seragilo*, I could not have had the hundredth part of Recreation I met withal under my Government, who for a greaſing in the fiſt, would ever now an then ſuffer one young Marchant or other to ſlip in amongſt us in Feminine habit, the better to deceive our Jealous *Confeſſors*, who had ever an Eye upon us, leaſt we ſhould by Lighting a ſtrange Tapour ſet their Touchwood on Fire: How many times have I known young Gallants with *French* Piſtols charge through our guard,

nay the Gates themſelves have opened as it were of their own accord, and the old *Beldam* her ſelf (to whoſe protection our Chaſtity was committed) droping many a low Curtizy by the way, as in Veneration to *Spaniſh* Cobbs) has lead them through the Intricate mazes, to ſhew them where the beſt Virgin Pullet Rooſted: But what talk I of this, when the *Fryers* themſelves, charmed with the force of *Indian* Ingot, have drawn up their Portculis to let in an Amorous Stranger, only under pretence of permitting him to take a view of the Appartments, that when he returned to his own Country he might report what he had ſeen, and ſet it off to ſuch Advantage, that by Extolling the grandure of the place, he might oblige the longing Virgins to come theither thick and threefold.

Nay, and for clambering over the walls, or ſetting Ladders up to Windows, they were as freequently uſed by the young *Amorits*, as by night Rovers, when intended to unhoard the Chaſh of rich Miſers, and to inlarge it from it's ruſty confinment, where it had lain for many days and never ſee the Sun; which could not but make me many times

times ſmile when any great Lord came with infinite Treaſure to Purchaſe one or other of us upon no other ſcore then to pluck the firſt fruits of Virginity, the which had been Sealed and Delivered long time before his Lordſhip took his Mortgage; So that he got nothing but a buttered Bun for his Supper, notwithſtanding he had promiſed himſelf ſuch a plentiful repaſt.

When ſhe had ſaid thus much, up comes another, and looking full on me, fetched a heavy ſigh, the which methought went quite through my head, coming in at one Ear, and paſſing out at the other: Alas! alas! ſaid ſhe, was the ſin of the fleſh all that burthened my Conſcience, my Torments would be Tollerable; but Oh! my hands are ſtained with infants blood, the which to hide my ſhame, like a barbarous and inhumain Parent, I have ſhead, as not contenting my ſelf to commit one grevious offence, I ſtill purſued my utter loſs and perpetrated another; could not I have called to mind e're I Voluntarily thruſt my ſelf into that wicked place, that worſe then *Herodian* Cruelties were uſed there; had I not Read how at the clenſing the *Popes*

Fish-pond, about 3000 Sculs of Children were found therein, which had appertained to Illegitimate Infants, murthered in the adjacent *Nunnery*, whose window opened into the same? Had I not heard how when Monastries were suppressed in *England* at St. *Albans* and others places, bushels of Infants bones were found Plastered up in the Walls? Could not, I say, all this have been caution enough to have detered me from entering into such a lude place, which in the end brought me to this place from whence I see no means to escape? Nay, I must confess my punishment to be just, seeing I willfully rushed upon my own destruction.

When I had heard them say thus much, and understood how they had been as it were thrust upon their own destruction, I begin to pity their hard-star'd fates, and had a moths mind to have asked them a few Questions; but whilst I was preparing to address my self for that purpose, looking on my left hand, I saw at some distance a Troop of Limping *Devils*, with packs upon their backs, making up towards us, puffing and blowing as if they had come from a far Country; and indeed

at

at firſt I took them for *Scotch Pedlers*; but as they drew near, looking more wiſhfully, I perceived they were *Hydra*-headed, for beſides the *Devils* heads, which were Remarkable, by Reaſon of the Creſts they wore, each of them had two bald pates peeping over their Shouldiers, and about four of the ſame ſtamp high Erected, ſo that they made as it were a *Semi-circle:* I ſoon underſtood what lugage they had got, and began to conclude they had been Robing all the Monaſtries and Convents on this ſide the *Alps*, but had ſcarce leaſure to think out my thought, before the *Devils* (having unbound their bundels) like rude *Porters*, let them fall ſqualſh to ground, juſt at the *Nuns* feet, who at that time were laying all their heads together, as if they had been comparing Notes; but the waight of ſo many huge Lubbers cauſing a kind of an Earthquake, they ſtarted at the ſuddain motion, and beholding the ſmoaking ſurface paved with *Franciſcans*, *Capuchins*, *Carmilites*, *Dominicans*, &c. (thick as *Egypt* was with *Locuſt* in the days of it's obdurate King) they ſhriked a loud and would have fled, but the *Devils* hem'd them in, crying, that as

they had formerly heded together, ſo at that time it was not thought convenient two places ſhould be troubled with u'm: by this time the *Monks* and *Fryers* having recovered the ſtund they received in falling, were got upon their Legs, and eſpying a number of Females, took themſelves to be in *Mahomets Paradice*, and thereupon, like ſo many he *Goats*, ran to embrace them, who uſed their utmoſt force to repel their rude Addreſſes, crying all together, *Away you wretches, you are they that have brought us to this diſmal place, by deceiving our overmuch credulity, fools that we were to truſt you, ever curſed be your barbarous Traditions which indulge your Proſelites in Sin, and cheaply undertake to anſwer for the horredeſt guilt, that nights dark Mantle overſpreds, no Moon-light Murthers, Rapins, Thefts, Inceſteous or ſtrange Adulteries, but what you dare pretend to pardon at the Price of Gold; O that the ſons of men ſhould at this day be involved in ſuch fatal Ignorance, that ſuch thick miſts of error ſhould overſpred three parts of the yet Chriſtian World!*

Alas, we were but Women, and our underſtandings not profound enough to to reach the Depth of their deceits, but

that

that the Learned of the world ſhould have their Eyes benighted with ſuch Scales, and not remove them, did not only then confirme us, but now Staggers our Reaſon, that Salvation could be bought for mony; we often did Object againſt, but theſe lole-eared Raſcals that are now come hether themſelves (and by Experience paſt doubt will be better inſtructed e're they part hence) were the cauſe of ſome of our miſeries: but why were we ſo bewitched to be conducted by ſuch blind Guides! Had not the Scripture forwarned us, that when the blind lead the blind, both fell into a ditch, *but Alas, why talk we of the Scriptures, they were things that then were hiden from our Eyes, we were allowed to peruſe nothing but* Niceen *and* Trentine *Counſels, the old muſty* Legends *of reputed* Saints, *and* Mortifyed *Strumpets, and the* Devil *knows what: Nay, they obliged us to pay our vows at* Venus *ſhrine oftener then at any other; and as we have ſaid before, our Midnight Mattin time was ſpent in Amorous Dalliances.*

They having ſaid thus much, would have proceeded, but an old *Abbot* that looked as dreadful as *Demigorgon*, and ſeemed head of the new come Rout,

hearing them ſpeak ſo parrentory, interrupted them, leaſt they ſhould have diſcloſed more of the Miſtery of Iniquity, which the *Devils* at the laſt day might have brought in as Evidence againſt them, crying with a Horſe voice,

Hold your Tongues you Baggages, leaſt I inform the Aſſembly what tricks you have played in the other world; Is it not enough that we have trudged the greateſt part of the way hither on foot, and might have done ſo the reſt, had not theſe good natured Gentlemen in the Black (when they ſaw us begin to faint and lagg a little) thrown us upon their Backs, and ſerved inſtead of Sumpterers, and all this to find you out, that we might ſet open the Back-dore of Purgatory, *and let you into it; for we had certain Intelligence of your being here before we came.*

Women, cryes a Stump-footed *Devil*, believe him not, for he promiſs more then he is able to perform, the way from hence to *Purgatory* has been barrocaded up for many thouſand Years, nor is it in the memory of the oldeſt *Devil* alive when it was laſt opened, therefore you may well Conjecture the Gates are ſo overgrown with Moſs, that had he a

pair

pair of Spectacles as bigg as two Stars of the first Magnitude, it would be altogether Impossible for him to find them out.

By your leave Mr. Devil, *crys a* Dominican *that stood at his Elbow, we have brought our Instructions which way to steare our Course without your directions, therefore you might have spared your prating: How's that sirrah, Reply'd the* Devil, (*and knocked him down with his Muckfork, being but a word and a blow*) *do you come hether to Instruct us, and prescribe us when and what to speak? No, no, sirrah, learn better Manners: I say you have deceived these poor wretches, and brought them to Eternal places of woe and misery; perhaps you'l alledge you did it to advantage us; No, no, that will not serve your turn although it falls out so, for we esteem the intent of Actions more then the Actions themselves, and this you only did to satisfie your Leacherous Inclinations and Avarice; and what now falls out is much against your will; nor did you so much as dream on't when you were lulling in all pleasures, but you might have taken notice that the by way pleasures of sinners but for a season.*

Now

Now while the *Devil* was Reading him this wormwood Lecture on the one ſide, the *Nuns* were railing at them as loud on the other; nor did that ſuffice, for as ſoon as they had ſcolded themſelves weary, they expreſſed the reſt in blows, and went at it Tooth and Nail, ſo that it would have made a Dog have broke his Halter to have ſeen the fray, for the ſturdy Queans thump'd the *Fryers* bald pates together as if they had been Pebles, although they uſed their utmoſt endeavours with Croſſes and Bell-ropes of Beads to keep them at a diſtance: the Brute of this hurly burly increaſing more and more, Millions of the Infernal Tribe came flocking to behold the paſtime, and ſtood Laughing in their triple Ranks as if they would have ſplit themſelves, for it was not a little pleaſant to ſee how the offenſive and defenſive parties ſtrove, the one to revenge injuries done, the other to endeavour the keeping themſelves in whole Skins; the which in ſpite of all they could ſay or do, was at that time a thing Impoſſible; but *Lucifer* having overcome the Terror of the Fiery Tempeſt, and again reaſumed his Seat, he no ſooner underſtood what occaſioned

the

the clamour; but he commanded out a Brigade of his truſty *Janizaries* to part the fray, who had ſcarce Received their Inſtructions, but they poſted ſwift as Northren Winds, and commanded all the *Helliſh-Rable* to give place, who durſt not diſobey, but opening to the right and left, gave ample ſpace for them to enter the Liſt, who having commanded peace in the Name of their great Maſter, the Controuler of the *Ever-burning-Lake*; And then binding them back to back, Male and Female, they conveyed them ſome diſtance thence, and put them altogether in a dark Cellar, becauſe they had formerly *loved Darkneſs, rather then Light*: They were no ſooner ridded; but a little diſtant on the right hand I perceive a company of *Devils* with *Aſſes-ears*, as it were, bridled and ſadled, ſome of them having packs of ponderous Luggage upon their backs; as ſoon as they were within call, one of the foremoſt bauled out aloud to make way and clear the Bar that they might ſet up their Priſoners: whereupon a cupple of *Devils* in the nature of Catchpoles, began to beſtir themſelves, ſo that in a ſhort time all were filed off to the right and left,

where

where they stood gazing with their mouth at half Cock, big with Expectation to hear the Examination of these new-come Guests; the which those that had them in charge had no sooner brought up and set in order, but *Lucifer* fell to Examining them about their Lives and Conversations, how they had behaved themselves in the World, and what was the occasions of their making so much haste thither? To which, after they had paused a while and staired about them, one of the formost made Answer, that they had been Master Builders for many Years, but having taken more work in hand then they were able to manage, it had utterly undone them: at which a second cry'd, Nay, that's not so Brother, it was the fall we received out of the Cart, under the sign of *Triangle* that undid us: Nay, but by your leave, crys a third, my Brother *Proteus* is in the right on't, for had we never undertaken to rear our Mighty *Babel*, we had been neither Sledged nor Carted.

A *Babel* indeed, said *Lucifer*, for you have brought both your selves and it into a fine Confusion, like a company of Infatigate Rascals as you are, who have

have not only disgraced your old Master at *Rome*, but have likewise brought a scandal upon the very *Devils*, for having any thing to do with such narrow sould, shallow-pated, half-wited wretches, but I am glad I have got you in my Clutches so soon as I have; here are some of your gang already, which the Knight of the Triple-Tree has sent, by ingeniously applying a dose of Hemp to their *Jugular Veins*, and according as they have been dealt with, so you must expect when he had said thus much his glaring Eyes shot *humid* Fire, which so terrified the poor *Catifs*, that all five of them (for so many they were in number) fell down prostrate on Hell's pavement, and besought that they might not be unfriendly used, seeing what they had undertook was to encrease the greatness of his Empire, though the Gaurdian Angels had frustrated their policies; as for me, said he that spoke first, and much resembled an old *Provincial* that was hang'd some time since, I have omitted no means that could enter into the thoughts of man to promote your intrest.

I have

I have even out-done *Proteus* himſelf by the often changing my ſhape and manners, no *Cammelion* ever exceeded me in the Alteration of my Colours, and as for my Religion, which I only uſed as a Cloak to carry on your *Diabolick* purpoſes, no weather-cock was ever ſo variable: 'tis true, in my heart I was always a worſhiper of the Beaſt whom you have ſet up, and to the laſt I bore the number of his name, though I have often held forth amongſt the *Verjuce Face-makers*, and in a little *Cravat* and ſhort Cloak, have often Drumed with my heels upon a Starch Tub, but what was the deſign on't but to ſtir them to raiſe tumults, that whilſt they troubled the waters, you might catch the Fiſh; how often have I been ſeen in a Black Cloak down to my very toes, turning up the whits of my Eyes as if I had gone about to number the hairs upon my Eye-brows; how have I groaned at the Aſſembly of 4 or 500 Hypocrites in the days when moſt Pulpets rang with Dialects of Treaſon and Rebellion againſt their lawful King? At what coſt did I purchace me all ſorts of diſguiſes?

And

And to what end ſerved they but to carry on my projects, and lead the ſimple into the paths of Death and dire Deſtruction? What Troops of Rebel-Souls have I and my brethren (under pretence of directing them to *Paradice* as it were) kidnaped to this place? Therefore if you were a *Devil* of Honor, or had the leaſt regard for your faithful Servants, you would be boiled in *Phlegiton* a Thouſand Years e're you would be guilty of this Ingratitude, when they heard him talk of Ingratitude in Hell, all the *Devils* ſet up a Laughing as if they would have burſt their ſides, and the fit was no ſooner over but there came runing a great number of the Damned with their hair flaming about their Eares, and after them a great number of *Devils* with *Cat-a-nine-tails* made of *Scorpions*, crying, ſtop 'um, ſtop u'm; which *Lucifer* perceiving, the better to prevent any uproar that might be occaſioned by ſuch unruly Biggots, commanded out a conſiderable number of his Black-guard, with order to apprehend them; which they could not ſo eaſily Effect as was Imagined, for they had not an Ordinary ſort of Fellows to deal withal, but ſuch as were alto-

altogether as desperate as themselves, and what should they be but a Rout of *Fifth-Monarchy Cullies*, whom the *Ignatian* fry had gulled of their Reason, and under disguised Treachery, which they had guilded over with specious pretences, had Instigated to plunge head-long into the Gulf of deep Distruction, by raising an unatural Rebellion against the best of Kings; these having been a long time Locked up in *Eribus*, upon notice from *Oliver*, that their deceiver General was arrived in *Tartarus*, had broke open the back dore, whilst the Vigilent *Demons* were taking a nap, resolving to revenge themselves on the old Foxes.

Now they were no sooner brought before *Lucifer*, but they Triped up the *Devils* heels that had them in custody, and with a word speaking, fell upon the Kid-nappers of Souls with such fury, that had not the *Devils* nimbly recovered their feet and taken them off in time, they had past doubt made *Mummy* of 'em; nor could any Intreaties oblige them to a reconciliation; which *Lucifer*, *Belzebub* and the rest of the Infernal *Cabal* perceiving, least such Irreconcilable hatred might occasion frequent disturbances, they

they ordered that the Cullies ſhould be carryed back to their former confinements, and a hundred Years Impriſonment ſhould be the puniſhment of ſuch *Devil* or *Devils*, by reaſon of whoſe negligence any ſuch eſcape ſhould happen hereafter; as for the old Seducers, they were allotted (till ſuch time they ſhould be farther Examined) to take up with *Cane*, *Judas*, *Nero*, *Caligula*, *Mahomet*, *Machavil* and *Bradſhaw*, to the place of whoſe Reſidence, notwithſtanding the murmuring they made, they were inſtantly conducted.

They were ſcarce out of ſight, when as *Ignatius* and his Coleague came Riding poſt through the Air upon two *Devils* with Horns growing out at the napes of their Necks, which ſerved their Riders inſtead of Bridles; who were no ſooner allighted, but ſilence was commanded upon pain of being battooned after the *Turkiſh* manner, which mennace ſo terrifyed the Aſſembly, that they for the moſt part claped their paws to their mouths, and ſat upon their tails, not unlike to *Greenland* Bares, when hoary Winter throws his Snowey Mantle ore the talleſt Trees, that con-

tinent ſupports and ſpreads it in Circumference more then a Thouſand Miles.

All being whiſt, the *Diabolick* chief demanded how things went on their ſide? O never worſe (replyed *Ignatius*) for notwithſtanding we have (according to the Inſtructions we received from you) been double diligent, not only by breathing pernicious Airs into the Souls of your moſt refractory Diſperadoes, but likewiſe ſwel'd their fancies big, with Nocturnal dreams, preſented to their drouſy Souls, a Thouſand various forms painted out, hopes of great Atchiements ſlyly worked, according to the utmoſt of my skill, yet all this had done nothing (the fear of Death had ſo Thunder-ſtruck them) had not we found out a rare Experiment beyond all theſe.

Lucifer,] *How! pray what might that be?*

Ignatius,] Pills made of *Indian* duſt, the which opperated ſo powerfully that they had ſcarce ſwallowed a ſecond doſe, but they received as it were an Anticipated Reſurrection; and were fit for any miſchiefs, our Inventions could

could be Capable to forme or dictate, their curdled blood disolved strait in their Veins, and now again they breathed nought but *Hell* and *Rome*; and Instantly betaking themselves to their Tools were for raking in the Ruins of the Heaven demolished Structure; to see if paradventure any firme Foundation yet remained, on which to build a new, but finding none that was firme or sollid (for it had been upon the first Attact so shaken by the Power of our Eternal foe and his Vicegerent, that all beneath proved Quagmire) upon this they instantly prepared a second Modle, and chose a narrower yet more dangerous spot to build upon? But O the wretched Consequence, Damn'd, Damn'd, in the Book of fate are all our projects and devices?

Lucifer,] *Degenerate Coward what makes the faint, can it be that thou (who by the Great Charter, from the See of* Rome *obtained for Establishing thy Order, ha'st obliged us with so many Trusty Labourours) shouldest despair in a point of mischief; Nay, if it be so then 'tis time for Hell to give over Plotting.*

Ignatius,] Miſtake me not, mighty *Lucifer*, I am as reſolute as ever; nor is it unknown to this dark Aſſembly how Induſterous I have been, what projects I and my Succeſſors have given birth too, and ſuffered to breath the open Air, how many murthered Millions can I count (was I deſigned to number them) which our blood bedabled *Order* have lay'd ſilent, by inciting the rude Multitude to *Maſſacrees* and *Civil-Wars*; And that their hands ſhould now grow tame.

Lucifer,] *No more of that, but to the purpoſe, what new Foundation i'ſt you lately mentioned? What new projects have you on foot that may avail our Empire? What is paſt is gone and cannot be recalled, and therefore no more on't.*

Ignatius, Why the truth on't is, we did what in us lay to turn the ſtream back to its proper Fountain, that it might not beat with ſuch violence upon the Labourers; and to effect it, no pain was ſpaired, many a Lordly Quarters Rent was Expended in hiring ſuch as durſt without the leaſt ſcruple of Con-

Conſcience ſwallow a dozen luſty Oaths for breakfaſt, and digeſt them with ſuch Facility, that you can ſcarce immagine it; theſe were imploy'd to Invaliditate ſuch as were fallen off to our Adverſaries, and by ſuch means to induce the eaſy Vulgar to believe, that all was but a fiction.

Lucifer,] *And would not this take, or was it not put in practice?*

Ignatius,] It was put in practice, dread Sir, and backed with all poſſible aſſiſtance, but Alas! this daubing with untempered Morter, when it came to ſtand, the teſt peel'd off, and left the Walls ſo bare, that the diſcerning Eyes, who ſurvey'd the Machination, pierced quite through it; which they had no ſooner done, but a little Tempeſt Ariſing, ſhivered it to Attoms, and ſent it to wander in the Air, where it as yet remains for ought I know.

Lucifer,] *A curſe upon ſuch misfortune, but why rather had you not attempted the regaining of ſuch as withdrew themſelves?*

Ignatius,] Can you imagin that was neglected? No; both Male and Female were Employ'd, our Pills were offered, but Refuſed; and in this likewiſe fortune did prove averſe, for one of our chief Mannagers bartering with one of them for a Retraction was taken napping, and in a ſhort time after hoiſted up to Gaze demurely through a wooden Ruff, and ſo became a laughing ſtock to the Inſulting Rabble, nay an other was doomed to a Terreſtial Tophet, where ſhe ſtill remains.

Lucifer,] *Death and diſpair! What are* Hells *Counſels now become? Since thus baffled, thus put to the foil; but does there as yet remain no hopes, on hour to vent the fearful rage that rowls in my breſt, and fires me like a Commet, which (with dreadful blaze pertending Plagues and war) burns in the Artick Skies?*

Ignatius,] By *Demi-gorgon*, I think not, for you have not heard half the projects that my Sons, your Servants, have by mine and my Companions Advice, and prompting, undertaken; and yet all of them have prov'd a like Suc-

ceſsful, inſomuch that I am induced to imagin that no ſecret Plot, how dark and deep ſoever lay'd, can eſcape their *Eagle* ſight, or at leaſt his narrow-ſearching Eyes, whoſe incenced breath kindled theſe firey ſurges, and in Chains of *Addament* faſt bound hurled you and your Angels headlong from the *Percipis* of Heavens high *Empirean*, to dwell with Ever-burning Sulpher; for could we have prevailed in ought, the Counſel that you laſt gave, would have taken effect.

Lucifer,] *You mean the diverting the Torrent an other way, that our Deſparados might walk dry ſhod in the Channel, whilſt our oponants were overflowed in a deluge of Confuſion.*

Ignatius,] The ſame, Great *Monarck* of Eternal night, the unſuckſeſsful ſame you mention.

Lucifer,] *And prevailed you nought on that ſide?*

Ignatius,] No, though at a vaſt Expence we tryed with the greateſt diligence immaginable; poſted our Agents

at every Corner to Foment the mighty miſchief, and ſpread cauſeleſs Rumours, diſguiſed our Wolves in Sheep-skins the better to mingle with the adverſe Party, and by Coulourable pretexts, fix on them the brand of Infamy, and breach of their Allegiance vows; nor for a long time was it doubted, but that this would take, but (O the ill-ſtared minute in which it was begun) it had no ſooner peep'd out of it's *Cimmerian* Cell, but it was ſurpriſed even in the birth, for the cautious *Albions* being on their gaurd, as one of ours was going to place the Gin he was detected, and for fear betrayed the ſecret, and blew up all the train; inſomuch that the Grand *Miſtris* of Inventions, whom we had employ'd to bring our Plots to bed, was brought to Light, and ſhe no ſooner Apprehended, but her *TUB* teemed with a hundred ſuckling Projects, begot by the *Cabal* now Reſident in *Limbo*, whom I have Conſtituted to give Counſel in my Abſence.

Lucifer,] *By Stix and Lethe, this diſtracts my reaſon, and has turned all my ſenſes into Franſy, that mortal Mans diſcerning Soul ſhould plumb the depth of my*

my deſigns, who am of Angel ſubſtance not ſubjected to death.

Ignatius,] *Man, 'tis not Man, but him we ſtile Almighty, (and has proved no leſs) that turns our Wiſdom into fooliſhneſs, and defeats what ever we contrive againſt his Vicegerent, that* Hell *envied Prince and dread of* Rome, *whoſe glory in its full Meridian ſhines too bright for envy to Gaze on, which makes her look dim ſighted as not daring to behold his full perfections, whoſe Throne I find ſo firmly fix'd, that 'tis not in the power of Hell to undermine;* Rome *may, I muſt confeſs, ſend forth her roaring Bulls, but their bellowings I fear will prove rediculous whilſt the firm League with Heaven is kept Invioable, we muſt forbear, or if we do not 'tis all one, we ſhall be unſuckſeſsful in our undertakings, all our Stratagems will prove too weak; there's no contending againſt Omnipotence, under whoſe feet bright blazing Thunder burns to Scorch us worſe ten thouſand times then this infernal Flame: you know, Great* Lucifer, *how willing and bold I've been to bear your meſſage ore moiſt and dry, out-facing Northren winds, and* Indias *parching Sun, even ever ſince your Agent,*

and

and by you Inveſted with a Diabolick power; nor have I ever been ſo foiled as now, now I ſee plain we ſtrive againſt the ſtream, and like unweary Archers *ſhoot up ſhafts which fall upon our Heads, therefore my Advice is that we deſiſt, ſince all we undertake is unſuckseſsful.*

Lucifer,] *What again in the diſpair-Mood? Wretch that thou art! Ile chain to yon burning Precepis, and conſtitute another to ſupply your place; can you (who living was wont to be chief promoter of Aſſaſſiations, Maſſacrees, and Clandeſtine Tumults) give over, and prove leſs reſolute then thoſe of your death doing Tribe, whoſe pale Ghoſts have already pearched on the* Avernian-lake: *Here, call one of them, bring the Provincial hither, and let us ſee what he yet dares for* Hell *and* Rome, *now he's Exempted from all mortal hands.*

Ignatius,] Hold, ſtay, J'le not as yet reſign my Charge, though *Pius Quintus* would undertake it.

Lucifer,] *Then perform according to our Inſtructions, what's become of the grand Doſe preparer?*

Ignatius,]

Ignatius,] Alas! he has ſliped his Coller, and left his Patients in the Lurch; nor ſtayed he ſo much as to take his laſt Farewel, ſo far wrought the fear of Hemp, that he thought each day a year till he had earthed beyond the reach of danger.

Lucifer,] *How came it about he ſcaped ſo fair?*

Ignatius,] By offering up his vows to *Æcus*, who looſened the knot, and by that means gave him opportunity to ſhake his ears in the open air.

Whilſt that this Dialogue held, up came a grave old Sophiſter, who as I ſoon perceived, had all the Statutes and Records at his fingers ends; and a little after him, two others, who were ſtrongly gaurded, one of them having a bundle of Parchments in his hand, which I underſtood were Deeds and Conveiances of Lands obtained of the too too credulous ſex, for undertaking to deliver their departed friends from the pains of a fictitious *Purgatory*; the other it ſeems leaving his Function, had been a brother of the Blade, and thereby obtain'd

a

a Title: they were no ſooner arrived, but the former began in the name of the reſt, to open their cauſe; but *Lucifer* and the reſidue of the Infernal crew, being deſirous to hear the whole proceedings in relation to the former diſcourſe, ordered them to be put into his Cole-hole, and there confined till ſuch time he was at leaſure to examine them, and commanded *Ignatius* to go on, who after a ſhrug or two proceeded.

Ignatius,] After Senior *Rhodomantodoſa's* departure, our dejected Labourours began a little to take heart, when not long after our female Engin, having eſcaped the Triangle (by the defect of the ninth part of a man, who has lately undertaken to ſcrape aquaintance with the Oſtlers of the twelve *Celeſtia Inn's*) teemed again, and brought forth ſuch a Monſter as the like has not been known ſince *Bellerephon* deſtroyed the *Chimera*, for which ſhe was advanced to the dignity of the wooden Ruff, and had her bantling Sacrificed to *Moloc*.

But O the ſuttle Intreagues ſhe uſed to evade her puniſhment; ſhould they be related, half the *Devils* aſſembled would

would ſhead their Horns with Laughing: Nay, the Relation of the Adventure of the bloody bladrer the *Quondam* Teeming Lady invented, would be enough to ſpoil a hundred good Breakfaſts: but to let that ſlip, our agents had not long taken breath (in hopes of fair Weather) before a geathering Tempeſt from all parts began to look black upon them; for fear of which, they again betook themſelves to their Sculking holes, and durſt not peep out till it was blown over, unleſs it were one Maſter builder, who being of *Agags* Opinion, would needs be puting himſelf forward, but was no ſooner within danger, but he found by Experience that his fond opinion failed him, and thereupon began to wiſh he had kept his Station; but whilſt he was wiſhing, ſuch a Tempeſt of Steel fell upon his neck, as made him of the plural Number, and ſee where he comes with his head under his Arm.

When I heard him ſay ſo, I began to look about me to ſee this new wonder, and had not gazed long, e're a headleſs form came trudging bare footed, but before he could arrive, ſuch a hedious Yell (as deafened all Hell) was heard

heard from ſeveral Quarters, in that *Lucifer* himſelf knew not what to think ſhould be the occaſion on't; whereupon he ſent out a cuple of Scouts to learn the cauſe, who had not been gone paſt an hour, before they came runing half breathleſs, ſtaring and ſtamering as if they had been Ridden by the *Night-Mare*, which put the whole Aſſembly into a worſe Conſternation then before, as imagining nothing leſs then that ſome mighty miſchief was in Agitation, and that which might the rather induce them ſo to believe, was by reaſon of the loudening of the ſhouts and yelling clamour, now as *Lucifer*, *Belzebub*, *Dagon*, *Moloc* and the reſt of the infernal chiefs were about to quit their Seats, up came the Eſpials ſhuddering with horror, and after much abrupt ſtamering, began by peice meal as their fear would permit them utterance to declare what they had ſeen, and what miſchief was towards which if not prevented, they aſſured *Lucifer* it would indanger his infernal Coronet, for, ſaid they, the back dore of *Purgatory* is already broak open, and ſuch ſwarms of *Locuſt* are advancing hitherwards, that the like has not been known ſince *Hell* was

Hell;

Hell; and then on the other ſide, they have pulled up the Trap dore of *Mahomets Paradice*, through which ſuch an number of the *Otman* Race are fallen, that they even fill the plains of *Gehenum*; nor could the Regicids (hearing what had paſſed) be contained within their Cells of *Addament*, but (by what means I know not) they have broke open the wicket, ſo that we are like to have work enough to alay the Tumults on Foot.

He had no ſooner ended, but up came an other of the *Black-Gaurd*, ſtaring with his mouth at half Cock; you are Ploting (quoth he) to diſturb the peace of others, but now 'tis time to look to the ſecuring your own, for *Hells* broke loſe, the *Popes*, the *Regicids*, and *Mahometans*, are all together by the Eares.

At the Report of which, old *Oliver* began to look pale for fear his Son *Ireton* ſhould come by the worſt on't, and would fain have withdrawn himſelf to have been amongſt them; but *Lucifer* being Jealous leaſt he might revolt and become Captain of the Rebellious rout, orders him to his Cell, till ſuch time the Tumults were appeaſed, and then commanded

manded three Legions of Club footed *Devils*, with muck-forks to be inſtantly Muſtered, and with the reſt of the Infernal Chiefs, Armed with Fiery Maces, went to meet the Tempeſt which ſtill roared louder and louder, inſomuch that it ſhook the Vault of *Hell*; and with them methoughts I was ſtrongly carryed through the gloomy air, nor did it at all diſpleaſe me, for I was not a little deſirous to ſee the event by reaſon as I conjectured a Civil War in *Hell* might produce more then ordinary Events; but when we come to underſtand the occaſion of all the clutter, what ſhould it be but that they were not only wrangling, but at it tooth and nail, about which of the three had been the greateſt Impoſture, and had moſt deceived the Nations; the *Popes* on their ſide pleaded Antiquity and Univerſality, reckoning up from time to time how they had Eſtabliſhed their Eronious Traditions, and cauſed them to be held as Authentick as the Scriptures: when as *Clement* the ſixt thruſting into the foremoſt Rank, and Conftonting *Mahomet* (who then began to brag what miſchiefs his *Alcaron* had done) opened his mouth in this wiſe, I confeſs, ſaid he,

it

it is Blaſphemus and wicked a bout as the Devils himſelf could have Invented; Nay, paſt doubt he was your School-maſter, and firſt Inſtructed you how to compile it, but as for my own part, I can repeat ſome paſſages in certain *Bulls* which I cauſed to be publiſhed whilſt I held the Papal Chair, that may out-do your weak Invention, and make the *Devils* bluſh as black as the Chimny ſtock, *Which take as Followeth:*

Certain Blaſphemies gathered out of certain *Bulls*, which *Clement* the ſixth Publiſhed for the Year of *Jubile*, Anno 1350. As they are ſet down in Mr. *Bales* Pagent of *Popes*.

WHoſoever purpoſeth for Travel-ſake to come to Rome, *may chuſe that day whereon he ſetteth forwards, a Confeſſor, or Confeſſors, or elſe in his Journey by the way, or in any other place, unto the which Confeſſors or Ghoſtly Fathers, we give*

full power to give Abſolution in all Caſes that concern the Popes *own Prerogative, in as ample manner as if our own Perſon were preſent.* Item, *We grant that if any being Confeſſed die by the way he ſhall be free and diſcharged from all his Sins; and farthermore, we command the Angels of* Paradice *that his Soul being fully delivered from* Purgatory, *they receive it into* Paradice.

Now my Maſters, ſaid he, what think you of this Trancendant Wickedneſs? or which of you all dare contend with me for Impoſtor-ſhip, ſince by this one ſnare I catched 10000 Woodcocks? But if this ſufficeth not to let me bare away the Bell, I beſeech you take tother meſs, the which when you have heard, I doubt not but the quarrel amongſt our ſelves will ceaſe, and then if you pleaſe to make me Captain General, let *Lucifer* look to it, for paſt doubt we will Anarchiſe *Hell* before we reſt ſatisfied; we being all alike Enemies to Crowns. *Lucifer* and the infernal petty Princes hearing him ſay ſo, began to prepare for the Aſſault, by putting themſelves into a poſture of defence, the which whilſt they were doing, the *Pope* went on with part of an other of his *Bulls*.

We

We will not (ſaid he) that any Man be Tormented in himſelf with the pains of Hell, *and alſo we grant to all thoſe that wear the Croſs three or four Souls at their own pleaſure, whom ſoever they will, to deliver them out of* Purgatory.

Now judge, my Maſters of the black Gaurd, ſaid he, if I have not out dared the beſt of you? For by this means (though the Univerſity of *Paris* I confeſs did reprove them) I cheated Mirriods of people, who were ſo ſimple as to take my word for their Salvation; for in the year I kept my *Jubilie* at *Avenio*; No, leſs then a hundred thouſand beging *Fryars*, *Monks*, and Religions of all Orders, came out of all Countrys to obtain Pardons, that they might become Confeſſours to ſuch as reſorted to our Magnificent paſtimes. When he had ſaid thus much, *Mahomet* ſtood up to give the Auditory a Relation what miſchief the Teaching of his *Alcaron* has done all over the Eaſtern World before and ſince it was Eſtabliſhed by the Sword, and ſo went on to particulars, declaring what *Maſſacrees*, civil *Wars*, *Rapin*, and *Blood-ſhed*, it incur-

raged; which *Bradſhaw* and *Hugh Peters* (for *Oliver* as I have related could not be preſent) from the head of their Company, thought it a ſhame to be out-done, and thereupon began to open the mighty miſchief that the ſolemn League and Covenant had procured for its time; but e're they had half made an end, the whole Aſſembly cryed out the *Pope*, the *Pope*, the *Pope*, for his *Bulls* have done more miſchief then ever *Gunpowder* did ſince its firſt invention; and with that they gave ſuch a ſhout as made *Hell* tremble, and beyond which, cauſed *Lucifer* to imagin it was no ſeaſon to dally in, who by this time having put his ſmutty Legions in order, fell in with them pell mell, and they on the other ſide ſtood ſtoutly to their Tackle, for there were a number of bloody *Emperours* who had been great Warriours, as likewiſe two or three Regiments of *Jeſuits* with ſhort Daggers and Impoiſoned Knives, who did ſo Carbonade the *Devils* Buttocks, that they made them winch like galled Horſes, and in a moment all partis were at it helter Skelter. The *Devils* downing with them with their Muck-forks, and the *Damned* plying it as briskly on their part; inſo-

much

much that *Hells* pavement was raiſed higher with the grovling Multitude; for here an overthrown Rout of Bald-pated *Fryars*, and half a dozen of well fed *Cardinals*; on the other hand a whole conſult of the *Fathers* lay ſcrambling to recover their feet again; on the left hand old *Hewſon*, *Ireton*, and the reſt of 'um were hard put to it; on the right Fought the *Otman Emperours*, and in the preſs might be perceived ever now and than the Horns of ſome unweldy overgrown *Devil*, who having been over-born, was endeavoring to wind himſelf from under their feet: and now methought infernal Thunder began to roar, and Sulpherous fire flew thick as Hail from either Hoſt; the which, together with the loud confuſed ſhouts, ſo ratled in my Ears, and withal giving a great ſtart, as ſuppoſing a ſulphery Blaze, had driven me beſide a high Precipis, I waked, and was not a little over-joy'd to view the bleſſed light after my ſuppoſed diſmal Progreſs, which made me begin to contemplate in this manner:

Good Lord, said I, what wonders hast thou (shown?
How hast thou sav'd us and preserv'd the (Throne
Of thy Vicegerent from the Hellish Rage
Of Fiend-got Monsters, whom nought can aswage
But blood of Innocents, who Plots still lay
Three Kingdoms to subvert; but Plot they may,
Since Heavens Dread King, th' Almighty Thun- (derer,
Does take them dayly in their self-lay'd-snare:
In vain they fume; all they devise is vain:
The Gaurdian Angels still their hands restrain.
Since our defence is in the Lord of Hosts.
Whose Eyes run too and fro through all the Coasts
Of all the Earth, who with a word or thought
Can bring the Plots of Hell *and* Rome *to nought;*
Let us trust in him, and then fear no ill,
For shaddow'd with his wings we shall be still:
O let us pray he may our King defend,
On whom our safty does next him depend.

The End of the fourth Vision.

THE

THE
Fifth Viſion
OF
VICE in Maſquerade,
OR
The DECEIVERS.

WWhen the Suns bright Chariot was Recoiled beyond the Equinoctial, and hoary Froſts niped diſaray'd dame Nature, and benuming Winter with his Palſey head came on a ſtaggering pace to lock the Fountains up, and with his Icy bars reſtrain the ſwiftneſs of the rapid flood; as I to ſhield my ſelf from his cold embraces repoſed one night upon ſoft down, ruminating what I had heard in the day

time, and considering how the Giddi-headed Vulgar had been seduced to believe false rumours, and the forged devices of the disaffected, who were desirous of nothing more then Inovation, Envying that we continued so happy; whilst I, say I, was pittying those that were misled, and detesting the malice of such whose restless endeavours aimed at the disturbing our peace and quiet, silence ushered in slumber, and slumber brought dead sleep close at his heels; insomuch that my sences were locked up, and then methoughts as *Du-Barts* most Excelently has it in his Poetical Discription of Sleeps Pallace:

'*Confusedly about the silent bed,*
'*Fantastick swarms of Dreams there hovered;*
'*Green, red, and yellow, tawny, black, and blew,*
'*Some sacred, some prophane, some false, some true*
'*Some short, some long, some devilish, some divine*
'*Some sad, some glad, but monsterous all (in fine)*
'*They make no noise, but right resemble may*
'*The unnumbred Motts which in the Sun do play;*
'*When (at some cranny) with his peircing eye,*
'*He peepeth in some darker place to spy.*

Now after my bodily cares were hushed, my fancy according to it's accustomed manner began to wander in the

the wide World, and was ſtrangly carryed away by I knew not what Divine Inſtinct. To a place built all of Rumour, falſe News, idle Reports, vain Fear, cauſleſs Jealoſie and Misbelief, the which was kept by a Gigantick female form, full of eyes and liſtening ear, which ſtill kept watch by Turns, obſerving every motion, and receiving every ſound; though for the moſt part Imperfect, which occaſioned her to take things on truſt, or at leaſt truth-mixed-Lyes, and whatſoever ſhe heard ſhe reported with Addition, which put me in mind of the Emblem of Snow-ball which ſtill geathers as it Roles; heither methought reſort not a few of all ſorts, who were Entertained with what the Houſe would aford, which for the moſt part conſiſted of air and empty ſounds, which ſeveral Virtuoſos having botled up uncorked (with a huming noiſe as they ſaw occaſion) and defuſed it through all the Manſion, when on the other ſide a Company of idioted Animals as eagerly ſucked it in, without any conſideration whether it was wholſom and conducing to health, or had been brought from places infected, and ſo might prove as peſtilential to them as the opening of

Pandora's

Pandora's Box did to *Prometheus*, for ſtealing Heavenly fire to give his Idol life and motion; nor was their caſe much unlike to his, for I plainly perceived their brains began (upon the recept of this new infuſion) to be ſublimated, and ſtrange Imaginations worked within; Inſomuch that their countenances often changed, and in fine, moſt that came to this Houſe fell ſick of the Epidemical diſtemper, that ever rages in ſuch places as are accuſtomed to ſuch reſort; and what was more ſtrange, that in their ſickneſs (ſuch ſhould be their longings) that nought but forbidden fruits could pleaſe their pallats, all things elſe ſeeming unſavery although the eating it proved mortal unto ſome, and was known to be ſo unto all that Taſted.

An other ſort I obſerved there very buſy about drawing Moddle and Platformes, having all their Mathematical Inſtruments about them, but the great diſpute was after what Faſhion or Order, whether *Doric*, *Corinthian*, *Egiptian*, *Genevia*, *French*, or *Italian*; ſome were for drawing Modles for particular houſes only, others for Villages and Corporations, ſome for Cities, others for whole Counties,

Counties, Commonwealths and Kingdoms, and theſe by the ignorant ſort were called Politicians; when in truth they not only medle with things above their Sphere, but ſuch as did not in the leaſt concern them, and were by the wiſer ſort eſteemed as troublers of *Iſrael*, the *Popes* Factors, perpetual make bates, deceivers of the eaſy Multitude; private Incendaries, Intermedlers in State Affaires and contemners of Authority, theſe I perceived had abundance of half wited Labourers who forged their Meterials in dark Cells like ſo many *Ciclops*, not imagining, or at leaſt not regarding what viterous and crude matter they worked; inſomuch that ſome of their Forges were quite blown up with an unexpected blaſt.

Nay, I perceived *Vulcan* himſelf chief Forger of Infernal Thunder, narrowly ſcaped, having his head blown off; nor is it expected that his creeping into the belly of an *Elephant* can cure the blaſt he late received: Being weary of this Room and of the Company too, methoughts I paſſed through a little wicket which was kept by a Female ſhape well fed and well Complectioned, but as I perceived ſhe was both deaf and blind,

blind, and ever at utter Enmity with wisdom, insomuch that (least at any time her understanding by a natural simpathy should affect her) she kept it locked up in a dark Celler, and would never carry it about her.

After I had put several Interrogatories to her, and found she could make me no Answer, without any more a do I went forwards, but had not gone far before I stumbled upon a long dark Entry, at the end of which I understood Delusion dwelt and kept abundance of Servants to entertain and welcome such as duly resorted to give her Visits, for she had many that came to court her, though as a little fellow (that shined in the dare like a Glow-worm) informed me she was very Antient, having together with her sister Deceit been a great Confident and Familiar acquaintance of our first Parents in *Paradice*, and although she had the *Devil* for her Father, and therefore I consequently might take thee for an *Incubus*, yet he assured me that she appeared to some more lovely then *Narcissus*, and youthfuller then *Phaon* when he had Transported *Venus* over *Chaos*.

This

This diſcourſe made me have a months mind to take a view of the ſo much admired fantom, but I had not gone about forty paces e're I encountered about half a dozen Dark *Lanthorn*-men, who had been to pay her a Viſit, and receive farther inſpirations (as they called it) who for the moſt part, had ſo broke their Knees and Noſes, with ſtumbling, that you would (upon the firſt ſight) have taken them for *Carryers-Horſes*, by theſe I underſtood that *Madam* Deluſion was within, but ſo taken up with viſitants that it would be dificult for me to ſpeak with her; yet on I went but not far before I met *Madam* Flattery, who together with her Siſter *Diſſimulation* had Logings in that Houſe, and indeed ſhe had ſo great a Train attending Her, that I began to think with my ſelf this might be She I ſought, and indeed ſhe was dreſſed in an Angel-like Garb, and had ſuch an innocent and ſober look, that ſhe might have deceived the *Devil* had he not had good Proſpectives.

Now whilſt I was conſidering on this point, a great pair of Gates were opened on the left hand, and in She entered with about a Million at her heels, of all ſorts

ſorts and Ages, and amongſt the reſt methoughts I was ſtrangely carryed away with a deſire of Gazing on her, for as I have ſaid before, ſhe was very lovely at a diſtance; well, in I ruſhed, but had not long been there before ſhe took her ſeat, which was placed in a great Stone Court about a thouſand Cubits ſquare, ſhe was no ſooner ſeated and ſilence Proclaimed, but every one ſtrove to get neareſt, and for half an hour there was ſuch ſhoving and thruſting as if the old *Midwife* had been again to mount the wooden *Gim-Crack*; inſomuch that I began to be out of breath and wiſhed my ſelf ſomewhere elſe, but all in vain, for I ſoon perceived it was not ſo eaſy to retreat as to advance.

Therefore calling to mind the old *Proverb* (which ſays, *when we are at* Rome *we muſt do as they do there*) I was ſome what better contented to ſuſtain the waight of many a Lubber with ſharp Pointed Elbows, and a Peruk with a Plantation of ſix footed Animals in it, and the rather becauſe my Expectation grew big with ſome thing more then Ordinary; at laſt when every one had gotten as advantagious a place as he could, and ſtood as ſtill as a Mouſe in

a

a Cheeſe, I from a convenient ſtanding took a view of the Aſſembly, who for the moſt part were ranked according to their Emineney; next about her ſtood the Court Flatterers and Paraſits, who live by ſmooth diſimulation, and dreſſing Vice in Virtues Robes to make its outſide fair and pleaſing unto ſuch as trade therein; their Tongues I perceived were dipt in Oyle to make them run more Glib, and their Pockets always ſtuffed with *Incomiums* in praiſe of this or that great Earl, Lord, Knight, or Squire, when as indeed they only wounded their fame, if fame they have, for Virtuous deeds ſound their own praiſes forth, and need no ſuch mercinary *Heraulds*; on her right-hand ſtood the *Poets* in great numbers, who uſually ranſack all the *Cabinets* of nature for the Selecteſt Rarities, rifling either *Indies* of Gold, Pearl, Vermilion, Ambroſial Flowers, Criſtaline Fountains, and pleſent Umbrays, and what do they all ſerve for but to make ſome Antiquated *Lady* or other, who has paſſed her ſixtieth year proud of her Admirable features by flatering her into a conceit that her Eyes ſparkel like two Diamonds, her teeth (when indeed ſhe has

has hardly any left to chew her breakfaſt) exceed the Orient Pearl, and for her Cheeks, *Venus* never look't ſo lovely; then for her Golden Locks, Vermilion bluſhes, Tranſparent Forehead, and ſhading Eye-brows, they ſurpaſs all compariſon: and thus contrary to the Dictates of their own reaſons they ſtuff their *Penigricks* with Eronious adulations, and make old Fools that like Snakes ſhead their Skins, ſuppoſe they have when they would do better to put ſuch in mind of Deaths approach and preparation for Eternity, and in ſtead of ſprucing up themſelves to entertain a third or fourth Husband, give order to the Maſons to prepare their Tombs: next to the deceivers of the old Women, ſtood ranked an other Rove, who indeed were the moſt dangerous of all, and might be rather placed amongſt the Malitious, the Envious, or in the *Devils* Gaurd, for theſe, as one told me who ſtood at my Elbow, were a ſort of people that whilſt they are ſpeaking you fair with their Tongues, murther you in their hearts, and would not ſtick to cut your Throat in their Arms, could they find a convenient oppertunity, and would like *Judas* ſell their Maſters at any

any rate to advantage themſelves: An other ſort there were who ſeemed to be an Impatient kind of Animals, and theſe I underſtood were ſuch as had been adopted Heirs to great Eſtates, or were included in ſome Rich old Miſers *Will*, who held all their hopes upon their good behaviours; Therefore whilſt they were in the preſence of the Conveyancers or Teſtators they were always obſerved to ſtand as demure as Saints, and as Enamoured Lovers uſe to their fair Miſtreſſes obſerve each look, each motion run at every beck, riſe late or early at the leaſt requeſt, ſhead *Crocadillian* tears when any fit of Gout or Stone afflicted their *Minos*, offering to Trot ten Miles at midnight to fetch a Doctor; Nay, and will not ſtick to do it if it be deſired; and indeed, of all flatterers theſe have the hardeſt task on't, for if they fail in ought or ſhew the leaſt neglect or diſreſpect nay ſpeak but a word out of Seaſon, during the life of the *Donator*, then all their former ſervice is forgot, their flattery avails them nothing, the old peviſh blade Carbonados his will, or alters the ſettlement, and then they are gone to the Dogs; and indeed I have known ſome of this ſort that have ply'd

their task for ten Years together, and at last have got nothing but a flap with a Foxes Tayl; nor did I pity them, althings considered, for how many hearty prayers have they made in secret that death would befriend them? How many times when they have been a broad and heard the Bell Tole have they been extasi'd with joy in hopes the happy hour of their promotion was come? How have they sent their wishes after them when at any time they rid a broad that their Horses might throw them and break their Necks, or that blundering in the dark on foot they might plunge into some pond or ditch and so expire? Nay, no matter which way so they were but ridded out of the way; how often have the Doctors been tampered with upon that score to use their Art of Poisoning to the best advantage? and indeed whether they go to Heaven or Hell is not the Question in that Case.

An other sort there were that flattered for Meat and Drink only, and those were they that pretended Suits to servant Wenches, and at Dinner time are usually hid behind the *Pantry-door* or whelmed under some Backing-Tub to prevent

prevent the anger of a Scolding Miſtreſs, and theſe were accompted the moſt inconſiderable of the whole pack, and went by the name of the half-wited Tribe.

A number more there were of all ſorts, as Tutors to infant Heirs, Gaurdians, Overſeers, Procurers of great Places, Pretenders to Palmiſtry, Matchmakers, Kidnapers, and twenty other ſorts all more deſtructive to a Nation, where they ſwarm, then the *Locuſt* that came over *Egypt*, wraped up in the Eaſtern-wind.

Now wh lſt I was making my Obſervations, I preceive the Lady of the place had frought them with full inſtructions, for that time diſtributing to every one according to his Capacity, or as his occaſions did require; Inſomuch that like ſo many *Mimmiks*, they were acting it over to be the more expert when they ſhould come to exerciſe: Some were for making ſet faces, others for cringing *All-a-mode-de-France*, others for inventing the ſober ſmile and delivering all their ſpeeches in the quainteſt *Dialect*, ſome were for uſing an affected Tone, others for humoring diſcourſe with graceful Geſtures and

bodily poſtures to be the more taking with thoſe they deſigned to practice on, inſomuch that you would have taken them to be ſo many of *Cupids* novices, preparing themſelves to tender Courtſhips to their coy Miſtriſſes: And looking more wiſhfully on them, methoughts I knew ſeveral faces amongſt 'um, eſpecially the Gentleman who was ſo vain as to ſtile himſelf *a guide to the inferiour Clergy*, and he as I was informed by a ſtander by having been twice unbeavored upon *Fleet-Bridge*, was then racking his Invention to find out ſome way for the reparation of his loſs, but it was half an hour e're a lucky hit came into his mind, and then having the choice of two, which were either to put up a Petition to all the Charitable and well diſpoſed appertaing to a certain *Cantabrigian Univerſity*, or to rail againſt the *Fanaticks* to pleaſe the *Pope*, and not knowing which of them to chuſe, he reſolved upon them both; by this time I grew weary of my Company, for I perceived there was no end of their fooling or rather knaving, and as I was making towards a little wicket that opened on the left hand into an inner Court, the *French* Poets diſcription of

theſe

theſe Catterpillers came aptly into my head, which is thus;

Theſe Flatterers are even the Pearles and Rings,
(Pearls, ſaid I? Pearls) in the Ears of Kings;
For O what miſchief but their wiles can work!
Since even within us (to their aid) doth lurk,
A ſmoother ſoother even our own ſelf love,
(A malady that nothing can remove)
Which with theſe ſtrangers ſecretly combin'd
In Leagues Offenſive (to the firmeſt mind)
Perſwades the Coward he is wiſely meek,
The Drunkard ſtout, the perjured Politick;
The cruel Tyrant a juſt Prince they call,
Sober the Sot, the laviſh Liberal.

I had no ſooner ended, but methoughts I entered a large Chamber all hung with ſmiles and pleaſant looks, fair promiſes, deceitful vows, and ſollem proteſtation; which made me begin to wonder in what quarter I was got, but had not long ſtood doubtful, before one whiſpered in my ear and told me it was Madam *Deſimulations* with-drawing Room; and is her Ladyſhip within, ſaid I, yes, ſaid a little fellow in a long skirted Dublit and Pantaloons to the waiſt, but ſo taken up with a parcel of young Amoriſts who reſort to her to learn their Leſſons of Courtſhip that

ſhe cannot be ſpoken withal yet a while; well, ſaid I, I am content to ſtay, provided I may be permitted to take a view of the place; yes, yes, with a very good will, reply'd the little movement, and for my part I ſhall not think it amiſs to bear you company and give you the ſence of ſome particulars, which (perhaps) might otherwiſe prove *Aphoriſms* to you when I heard him ſay ſo, I was not a little pleaſed to have fair promiſing Company, eſpecially in a ſtrange place, though methoughts I had ſeen ſome thing like it heretofore; whilſt thus I was thinking with my ſelf, he takes me by the hand and lead me into an appartment, where from a window that opened into a long Gallery, he ſhewed me a great many perſons who ſeemed to be engaged in earneſt diſcourſe, and ſo I conjectured till he told me that they were only making dumb ſigns, and were a Company of wandering Vagabonds, who in their own Canting Language are called *Dumarees*, ſworn never to ſpeak before any ſtranger; but rowling back their Tongues to make a hedious noiſe, and then produce a Parchment with a great many unknown hands, to teſtifie that they had their Inſtruments

of

of ſpeech cut out in *Turkey*, for aſſerting the truth of their Religion; when in the firſt place they never had any Religion, and in the ſecond know not whither *Turkey* ſtands *North*, *Eaſt*, *Weſt*, or *South*.

And are theſe Raſcals ſuffered, ſaid I, to deceive the Charity of well diſpoſed Chriſtians? Yes, reply'd he, and by this Art of diſimulation, many of them have gotten plentiful Eſtates; Now look you on the other hand, ſaid he, and ſo I did, and cloſe up in a corner eſpyed a Company of tall fellows in black, having Triangle Caps upon their heads, and ſtood methoughts upon a very ſlipery place, which made me the more inquiſitive to know what they were, for indeed I took them to be *Necromancers*, all ſons of the Famous *Cornelius Agrippa*; but then thought I again what buſineſs have they here; and whilſt I thus was thinking my little guide informed me they were *Jeſuits*, ſons of *Ignatius*, the very ſpawnes of an Infernal Conſiſtory, where all *Murthers*, *Treaſons*, *Rebellions*, *Aſſaſſinations*, and what not, are Generated; and by being ſtrongly tempered make theſe kind of *Animals*, who ſince their Original have done more miſchief

then the peſtilence: ſure, ſaid I, if theſe ſort of *Harpys* build their Neſts here in ſuch numbers, this place muſt needs be near the Gates of *Hell*: good, ſaid he, 'tis even ſo, for on the back ſide the Houſe is a broad path that leads down to *Plutos* Manſion; when I heard him ſay ſo, I began to wiſh my ſelf rid of his Company, for in Truth I was afraid he would have conducted me thither in the end, and I had e'ne enough of that before; yet to ſet a good face on't, I asked him whither the gates ſtood open day and night according to the *Poets* Aſſeveration, who ſays,

That day and night wide open ſtands the (Cell,
And Brimſtone Gates of the black Prince (of Hell.

Yes, yes, ſaid he, they are always open, or elſe how ſhould theſe Gentlemen receive Inſtructions from thence ſo often as they do: Nay, and there's an other thing in it, my Lady is Daughter to the Prince of night, though not his Eldeſt, and therefore you'l ſay 'its fit ſhe ſhould have courſe and recourſe to her Fathers *Pallace*; Yes, and all the Reaſon in the World, ſaid I, but pray

are

are the Gentlemen we talked of laſt Intimate Aquaintance of your Ladys, Yes, yes, ſaid he, how do you think they ſhould come by ſo many Equivocations, mental Evaſions, and reſervations, but that they muſt reſort heither, and be ever in fee with her to furniſh them, her Ladyſhip was the very ſhe that put it into *Ignatius's* head to found the Order of 'um, for what are all their vows of Chaſtity, Poverty, and obedience, but meer Diſſimulation, outſide appearance, a Robe of Hypocricies, one Spining to cover their Inſatiate Luſt, Avarice, and revenge; Nay, I have a great mind to give you a little of their Doctrine in this point, but that I fear it may infect the Air; no, no, ſaid I, the Air is prety clear at preſent, no thick Clouds nor groſs Vapours hover o're our heads, but the Sky-purging North wind blows freſh, and with his gentle brizes fans the flowry Beds, and with their ſweet Perfumes the nether Region; therefore if you have a mind to ſerve up a Meſs, let it be to the point, and I am content to give you the hearing: Nay, reply'd he, I ſhall not run beſide my Text, for my Lady has taught me better manners then

ſo,

ſo, but to the purpoſe, when any Majeſtrate ſhall ask any of them a queſtion the which they are not minding to reſolve or anſwer poſitive, Equivocation or mental Reſervation is held neceſſary, though upon Oath, as thus, if any *Jeſuit* be demanded whither he killed ſuch a perſon or Cuckoled the Maſter of the Houſe who Entertained him as his Confeſſor, though he be guilty of both, yet may he anſwer, *I did them not* (underſtanding in his mind or whiſpering the other part of the Sentance to himſelf) *at this time* or *I did them not* (meaning) to make you acquainted with the facts, upon this account they reſort to my Lady, and with theſe kind of Quips ſhe dayly furniſhes them, for by ſuch ſlender Cobwebs they ſnare many credulous Flies, where think you the late pack of them when they came to ſhew tricks upon the Slack Rope, and cut Capers between Heaven and Hell, were furniſhed with their Proteſtations of Innocence, but from hence then wonder not that they are our conſtant Gueſt.

He ſcarce had ended, but a Troop of fine Laſſes came out at a ſide door, looking as demurely as if butter would not

not melt in their Mouths, and after them came about the ſame number of the other ſex, with their Hats under their Arms, bowing and cringing at a diſtance, but the more they offered to pay their reſpects the more ſhy and coy the Females appeared, whereupon I began to think theſe were the Lovers he talked on, but he ſoon put me out of that doubt by informing me that Women notwithſtanding their deſembled Modeſty were a parcel of Common Strumpets who were nightly wont to Trudge it on foot from *Charing-Croſs* to *Temple-Bar* to pick up any one that would but treat them at one Ordinary, or elſe they muſt have gone Supperleſs to Bed; but now being got in with the *Broker*, and finiſhed with Tincy Trim, they have both changed their Lodgings and their Names, and waiting upon each other by turns, give out they are great Fortunes, and that their Friends have left them large poſſeſſions in *Terra Incognita*; the noiſe of which (together with their feigned modeſty which is as bad to them as doing Pennance) has allured theſe Fops and Buffoons to adore their very Shooeſtrings, and indeed 'tis but too well known how theſe Deſemblers have deluded

luded many a wealthy Cit, for where there is moſt reſiſtance in caſe of love men are moſt eager to purſue and count that Female (though never ſo Virtuous, Chaſte, and Fair) too cheap a Prize that ſurrenders upon the third or fourth Aſſault.

Now whilſt the words were between his teeth, they came towards us, fanning themſelves, and with ſcornful looks, or rather ſeeming baſhfulneſs, often turned away from their Admirers: I proteſt Madam, ſays one, this is ſo Troubleſom a Town, that a Lady cannot Reſt quiet in her Lodgings, but muſt be three or four times a day moleſted with theſe intruding Viſitants; I wonder Madam, replyed an other, you did not change your Condition in the Country, Sir *Thomas* I warrant you is not a little troubled that you came away without his knowledge, there's no man I think can have a greater paſſion for a woman then that worthy Knight has for your Ladyſhip; truly, Madam ſaid ſhe, I am confirmed in what you ſay as to that particular, and know he has at leaſt five thouſand pound a Year; a very plentiful Eſtate, crys a third, I wonder Madam you will ſlight ſuch an offer,

offer, what if your Ladyſhip has 10000 pounds which your Father left you, and no body can hinder you on't, is it not better to be ſetled in the world? I wonder Madam, reply'd ſhe, that you don't venture, for you have had as large offers as that comes too, and have a larger Fortune at Command.

This diſcourſe being over heard by the Fops, Buffoons, half wited Shopkeepers, and crazed Merchants, that ſtood at a diſtance, they were ſo tranſported that they ſcarce felt the ground they trod on, every one thinking himſelf Cock ſure of a mighty Fortune, reſolving to apply himſelf to her Chamber-maid rather then fail, and by her means be introduced though at the price of a Pearl Necklace, a Gold Watch, or a Diamond Ring; Nay, as I perceived they were at Daggars drawing who ſhould make the firſt addreſs, each being jealous of the perfections of his Rival, and fearing to be beguiled.

When I had ſeen thus much, I asked whither theſe Carrions did not take the advantage of their reſolute ſimplicity; Yes, yes, ſaid my guide, for when by denyals and feigned excuſes they have

ſcrew'd

ſcrew'd them up to the height, then all of a ſuddain they ſeem to yield, and then away ratles the Fop a mile or two though at midnight to fetch the Parſon leaſt he ſhould not hit the lucky minute to get her in the ſame mind again, and then is the Marriage clap'd up in huger muger, for fear as ſhe pretends ſuch a Cozen, Uncle or Aunt, ſhould come to hear on't, and ſo put a ſtop to the whole proceedings; and now when he thinks he is the moſt Fortunate in a Wife of all men, and that he has a *Venus* in his Arms, he in a ſhort time finds himſelf utterly undone; for 'tis a wonder (inſtead of receiving the mighty Portion he dreamed of to cement the flaws in his Credit) if within a day or two he have not a cuple of Serjeants or Marſhals men ſend for him out to breakfaſt, and by the convincing Arguments of a Priſon, perſwade him his hopes were but *Chimeras*, and that they are gone to wander with their mother Clouds; as for his doxy when her borrowed charms are lay'd aſide ſhe's a perfect Hag, and having convey'd away all he has, ſhe betakes her to her ſtreet troting Trade again, till ſhe can meet with a fit oppertunity to ſnare an other

Amorous

Amorous *Idiot*: Well, ſaid I, above all things in the world I pitty the wretch that marries a common Strumpet, though in one ſenſe it may be a means for his Mortification, and bring him the ſooner to repentance.

Whilſt this diſcourſe laſted, in came the Lady Diſſiumlation, attended by a numerous Train of all ſorts; ſhe had a Vail down to her feet which her ſiſter Hypocricy (who as I underſtood lived in the next Appartment) wrought; her countenance was cheerful though very demure, ſeldom ſeen to ſmile unleſs ſhe found it would be very Advantagious, her Eyes were bright and ſhining, yet ſhe ſeldom would ſtare any body full in the face, but rather with half a look glance upon them under pretence of puting her Vail aſide; her Attendants for the moſt part were ſuce as outwardly pretend to Faſtings, Mortifications, Pennance, and ſuch like, to deceive the Vulgar, as likewiſe diſembling Lovers who had got the Art of proteſting, ſwearing, and invoaking the Powers above to witneſs the ſincerity of their Souls, when indeed they intended no ſuch thing as they pretended; an other ſort there were who held up her Train,

and

and they for the moſt part were young Wenches who burn with deſire of enjoyment, and yet ſo well diſſemble their paſſions, that it is rare to perceive they Love.

There were likewiſe a number more as pretenders to Sobriety, Chaſtity, Piety, and a hundred other Virtues, which they never were Maſters on, nor deſigned to practice.

Being weary of this ſight, my guide informed me that he would conduct me where I ſhould have a proſpect of Hypocricies Pallaces, for, ſaid he, I am at preſent ſervant to 'um both though ſome what againſt my will, for indeed my name is *Well-meaning*, though the times (being hard) have obliged me to liſt my ſelf a Servant here for bread, for better ſo then worſe.

He had no ſooner ended, but I returned him a Complement or two for the favour he had already done me, and ſo we paſſed on through a long dark entery into a ſpacious Hall which was all hung round with Pictures of men and women, but the Painter had drawn them with ſuch rueful faces that I think 'tis almoſt impoſible to diſcribe them, on the right hand ſtood a Fountain flowing

flowing with *Crocadils* tears, on the left a large Basket full of mouldy Cruſts, and theſe were the pretended ſubſiſtance of ſuch as dwelt in this Houſe; from thence we paſſed into the next Room, where we found a number of *Devotes* who fell to ſighing and ſmiting their breaſts; as ſoon as ever they perceived our approach, but before we entered, we heard them laughing and playing with each other, which made me wonder how our preſence could of a ſuddain ſtrike them ſo damp, for indeed they ſeemed like ſo many mutes or moving Statues, not ſpeaking for a conſiderable time, but all their buſineſs was to turn up the whites of their Eyes, make verjuce Faces, ſigh, and ſeem to bleſs themſelves, which at firſt made me conclude they took us for ſpirits, and I was about to undeceive 'um in that point, but as I began to ſpeak, my guide jog'd my Elbow, and whiſpering ſoftly in my Ear, told me that if I was not ſilent I ſhould ſpoil all, for, ſaid he, theſe are a pack of the dammedeſt *Hypocrites* as the World affords: he had no ſooner ſaid, but they began to yaun, and then as if their Toung-ſtrings had been juſt then looſed, they began to talk of Prayer,

Fasting, Mortification, Sack-cloath, Dust and Ashes, with a thousand such marks of holy duty, and Antedotes against Temptation; I have, says one, fasted thrice a week, layn upon the cold boards, humbled my self by Nakedness, poured forth a River of Tears, and I fear all too little to make an Expiation for my Sins; and with that he screwed up such a damn'd sower face, that I had scarce ever seen the like at *Bull* and *Mouth*; Another fetches up a grone as if he had been in the greatest Agony imaginable, this having turned up the whites of his Eyes, sends fourth a Gale of sighs, that wrings his hands and seems to weep, now and then letting fall a few *Crockadils* tears, and what did all this serve for but to delude the World, and again, the repose of Saint-like and holy persons; Nay, and farther Riches into the bargain, for as my guide informed me, some of them lived by no other means then by this way of dissembling, for indeed they were for the most part in their private retirements the most profain and debauched persons the Sun ever shined upon.

Having

Having by this time enough of their Company, we passed on to the next Apartment, where the Lady *Hypocricy* her self sat with two Faces, which at first made me take her for *Janus*, round about her stood a great number of *Devotes*, Holy *Sisters*, and such as pretend to Extraordinary *Revelation*, such as pretend to the light within, and would have people believe they cannot Err, her countenance was meaguer, by Reason as my guide told me she had then just put on her *Tryday-faces*, here they talked of nothing but the strait Gate of *Thorny Paths*, *Cragy Rocks*, *Steep-Assents*, *Tribulation*, *Persecution*, and I know not what, but as I understood it was talked only for that they never had nor never intended to seek the way to life through such perrils.

Being a weary of the *Hipocrites* quarter, I asked my guide if he could not shew me the way to Madam *Delusions* quarters? Yes, yes, said he, with a very good will, her Ladyship has a pair of back Stairs comes into the *Hipocrites* walk, at which I was not a little pleased, and the more when I understood that these Impostors were all of a Family, and that the *Devil* was their grand Pa-

tron, for indeed they were ſo like him, any one that had but the leaſt ſpark of ſaving knowledge might plainly diſcern they were of his own begetting.

Well, on we went till we came to the aſcent, which we had no ſooner mounted, but the Spacioufeſt Pallace preſented it ſelf that ever Eyes beheld, for to my thinking it was built after the *Dorick* faſhion, all of beaten Gold, the Porches, Architraves, Freeſes, Conices, and Pillars, imboſſed with Diamonds, Saphiers, Amathiſts, Rubies, and what either *Indies* could afford, but my guide told me 'twas nothing ſo, for that it was no Pallace at all, but only an Airy fantom, the work of *Deluſion* placed purpoſly to deceive the Eyes of Stangers, the better to bring them into her ſnares, for, ſaid he, what ever you ſee in this place is not really the ſame it ſeems to outward appearance.

He had ſcarce ended, but there came riding by us a guilt Coach, and in it a proper perſon being decked in as Gaudy a Trim as an Actor when he perſonates ſome Monarck on the Stage; Now, ſaid my guide, you would paſt doubt take this for ſome great Lord; indeed, reply'd I, I ſhould do no leſs; then to unde-

undeceive you, said he, this is a fellow that only Lives by Hunting, Gaming, Ordinaries, and Wheedling in young Heirs or shallow-pated Cits first to play away all their Coin, and afterwards to Mortgage their Estates, or enter into Bonds and Judgments; this gilt Coach and gay Suit cost him but two hours shaking his Elbow, and by this means he has undone many a worthy Family, and obliged not a few substantial Traders either to take the Bench or List themselves under the Banner of the upper or lower *Alsatia*.

He could not proceed before a new object presented it self, which was to my thinking a great Lady in her *Sedan*, having at least half a dozen *Laquies* runing before her with lighted flambers to make way; Now, said my guide, could you imagine this piece of Antiquity to be less then a person of Quality, when indeed she is no other then an old procurer, a dealer in humain Flesh, a Maiden-head *Broker*, or in plain Terms an old *Baud*, who gets all her bravery by betraying the honour of young Wenches, under pretence of helping them to great places and preferment; Nay, ever now and then puts the Cheat

upon her Customers by vending unsound ware, and then is she forced to keep up till the heats over, least she be Carted or obliged to stand a battery of Rotten *Eggs*; nor is it unusual with her to sell a Maiden-head six times; she was scarce out of sight, when up came a grave Person in a plush Coat, and at his heels about twenty of both Sexes; this, said I to my guide, must past doubt be some Famous Physitian; that's your mistake, reply'd he; this is no other than a *Taylor*, who laying aside his bodkin and thimble, would needs be scraping acquaintance with the *Devil* by way of Fortune-telling, as if he had not been intimate enough with him before, and pray what are those that follow him? Why, reply'd he, these are a Company of deluded Sots which come to him to consult the destenies in their behalfs, whither their life shall be Long or Short, Happy or Miserable, one for a *Philtar* to charm some Rich widdow, an other to know when she shall be married, some to enquire after their friends safety that are at Sea, others to know whither they shall have any Children or not, or who shall die first the Wife or the Husband? Nay, and in case of losses away

they Trudg with their twelve-pence, and then Mr. *Ass-trologer* (as he stiles himself) shews them their own fools head in variable Glass, the which they are perswaded to believe is the very Picture of him or her that Robed them, and that had *Apelles* been living, he could not have drawn a truer Counterfeit, which occasions them often times to charge honest men with the fact, whose faces as they fancy the shadow resembles, whereupon Actions of Defamation are commenced, when coming to Mr. *Conjurer* to clear the doubt, he leaves them to shift for themself, aledging that one man may be like an other, and that he can say nothing to the point, for in truth he knows no more of the matter then *Balams Ass.*

As he ended, there came by several demure persons mufled up in black Cloaks, and after them such a Croud that we were fain to remove; at first I took them for *Philosophers*, but my guide soon rectified my mistake, by telling me they were such as dealt underhand with the unthinking Rable, and by a false Representation of things incenced them against their Superiours, prompting them to speak evil of Dignities, and open

every occasion to inveigh against the Government, but if at any time some or other of them be detected, then these *Dons* utterly disown 'um, they know them not, nor care not what becomes on 'um, though like the *Monkey* they have used their *Cats* foot to endeavour the scraping the Chesnut out of the Fire.

These were scarce past when up came a great number of pretenders to Illumination and Mortification, having for the most part dark Lanthorns at their girdels, which made me at a distance to imagin they might be of the Linage of *Guidio Faux*, but I soon understood the contrary, for they proved to be a kind of men who by following *Will-in-a-wisp's* false Light, had put out the Candles of their understanding, and were now running away from their Reason, which made me pitty 'um, and wish that the Hospital of *Bethelem* would take them into cure.

After these came a great many workers of false *Miracles*, and these were of *Lucifers* one Life-gaurd, nor were there wanting amongst them such as used the Art of *Hocus Pocus* and *Legerdemain*, and these passed among the simple vulgar for

for *Conjurers*, when indeed they are a Company of Raſcals who do little better then pick mens Pockets; Next to them follow a great tribe of *Egyptians*, or ſuch as by rubing over their Faces with green Walnut-ſhels pretend themſelves to be ſo, and by prating their noizy *Cant* or *Giberiſh*, perſwade ſilly wenches who are Horn-mad for Husbands into a belief of ſtrange things that never were nor never will be, and a thouſand to one if ſome of them don't pick their Pockets whilſt the other are poring upon their Fiſts, for indeed they are but a Company of Rambling Thieves.

After them followed a Troop of *Mountebanks* laden with *Galle-pots*, *Sere-cloaths*, and little *Vials* full of *Lob-lolly*, with which they deſtroy more then they Cure, and are little leſs then ſo many walking Contagions, for although not one in ten of 'um have half ſo much skill in Phyſick as a Country Farrier, and perhaps not able to read a word of *Engliſh*, yet you ſhall have them Extol themſelves above *Gallen* or *Hypocrates*, ſwear they have cured as many Incurable diſeaſes as there are people in *Paris*, and avouch that their ſtuff for the moſt part

is

is compounded of the Breſt-bones of *Phœnixes*, and the *Philoſophers-Stone*; beſides theſe there were a number of the like faculty, as *Virtuoſos*, *Alcamiſts*, *Cymiſts*, and falſe *Coiners*, but as I was about to obſerve them, Madam *Deluſion* came forwards in gorgius attire, attended by 10000 Fantoms, and ſeeming ſubſtances, as *Robin Goodfellows*, *Will's-in-the-wiſp's*, *Hobgoblings*, night-*Mares*, *Fairies*, *Ghoſts*, and ſuch like fancies of idle Imagination, and a too indulgent or rather credulous fear; this dreadful ſight methoughts ſo terrified me, that ſtarting I awaked and found it broad day, when reflecting a while on what had paſſed, I fell to commenting upon the matter.

Alas! ſaid I, what a ſad age this is,
When ſin goes Maſqu'd up in ſuch Maſks as this,
That few can know her by her out ſide form,
From virtue, yet kind Heaven avert the ſtorm,
Which thy incenſed vengance juſtly may,
Shower upon thoſe that thus dare diſobey.

The End of the fifth Vision.

THE

THE Sixth Vision OF GHOSTS; OR, *Death on his Throne.*

IT is Observed when men least think of Death he is neareſt at hand, and many times when we conclude that ſcarce half our race is run, we are at the end on't, and ſtand to hearing upon the Verge of Life, ready to be puſhed off into Eternity; the conſideration of which made me not a little penſive, inſomuch that I began to think with my ſelf that there was no better way to prevent the like ſurprize

then to put on Celestial Armour, which is always of such proof, that it blunts Deaths sting, and leaves him no power on the other side the Grave.

But whilst I was thus musing, my malencholy Fancies were hushed by the prevailing charms of all Conquering sleep, that brother to death and *Emblem* of Eternal rest, the which methoughts had no sooner sealed my Eyes, but I was as it were strangely carry'd away to a place remoat, which seemed to be o're-spread with pitchy Clouds and lowering darkness, composed of contagious Fogs, infectious Vapours, Pestelential Exhaulations, and the like; where I was no sooner entered, but (by a pail Glimps much like the Glimering of glowing Embers or a dying Tapour) I perceived inumerable forms or rather Fantoms which were carry'd away with every puff of wind, which made me conjecture they were not real substances but Aerial wanderers who had usurped humain shapes, or that the imperfect light made them appear such; through Innumerable Troops of 'um methoughts I passed till I came into a large road, which at last divided it self into a thousand little ways, all of them as I understood

stood

stood leading to the Pallace of Magnificent Death, where his bloody Ensigns waved on high, and all his Trophes lay scatered, for it plainly appeared that such as had Travel'd those paths were in haste, and that to make them the Lighter, they had put of all things ponderous; At the beginning of one path you might see a heap of *Crowns*, *Scepters*, *Corronets*, *Maces*, *Swords*, and all manner of Warlike Instruments; at another Coffers cram'd with Coin (the very Soul of Usurers) precious Gems and rich Attire; at another Enterance, *Gowns*, *Badges of Honour*, *Laurel wrathes*, *Guilded Trapings*, and all the *Ensigns* of *Pomp* and *Royalty*; and in like manner the Lodge of every Enterance was Stored.

Now whilst I was musing with my self, and had steadfastly fixed my Eyes upon such strange objects as me thoughts still daunced about me, I heard one call me by my name, and bid me put of my Robes, which made me not a little wonder, when turning about I perceived through the Gloom at some distance a portly person who to appearance was stalking towards me, upon which I knew not what to think, for before now I had heard

heard no voice, though I had beheld Innumerable forms that for ought I knew might be capable of speaking; but whilst I was pondering and in a hundred *Quandaries* how to be-have my self in a place where I had not the least Acquaintance, methoughts I began to melt away as if I had been composed of Snow, and exposed to the Suns hot beams, so that before you could have turned you thrice about, I had methought nothing left of real Substance, but was reduced to what I beheld the rest, which did not a little grieve me to think how I had left my Friends and acquaintance, my pleasures, my delights, and all the happy pastime the indulgent Earth affoards, for I absolutely concluded I was in no Capacity of returning to revisit what I had formerly Enjoyed.

But that I must now take up my abiding with the rest, or if my shade (for now no other I seemed) should obtain Licence to pay a visit to the World, it must wander in Brakes all day, or else lie sculking in the ruins of some old forsaken Fabricks, where the screech *Owle* sleeps all day, and against whose walls o're-spread with Ivy, or over grown with Moss, the night *Raven* claps

his

his boding wings, and then if when night comes and silent darkness Mantles half the Globe, I build a Temple to enter my own dear Habitation, and through all the Key-holes Glide (the which perhaps this thin texture of which I am now composed might permit insensibly) when I come to the bed-side where my most beloved Friends repose; and softly drew the Curtain to Salute them kindly, my much altered Face they no sooner perceive by the light of some yet winking Tapor, but all the House is filled with shreiks and out-crys of *Furies, Goblins, Ghosts*, so that I cannot be heard one word to make known what once I was, but must return worse perplexed then before, and what ensews, the House is left and given out that it is haunted with damned spirits, and must stand with broken Windows, the Terror of such as pass that Way by night, who fancying strange apparitions and conceiving needless fears, endeavour to fly from their own shadows, which the watery Moon impresses on the Earth, or start at every wind that breath upon the rushing Leaves.

When

When I had thought thus much, I grew more pensive then before, but had not leasure long to debate the matter with my self before a Whirlwind or some power invisible took me up now light as Air, and carried me infinite degrees beyond the Globe, even to the Verge of vast Eternity, but there I stoped, and I light upon a mighty plain which seemed more large then all the Earth and all the Sea, for to my thinking it hid no end, and in the midst a Gulfe as deep as twice from the Center to the utmost Pole.

On this plain innumerable shaddows wandered, which at first made me take it for those feigned *Elizium* Fields which have of old been held for real Truths, where Lovers *Ghosts* were said to wanden up and down in Mirtle Groves all day, bemoaning their hard fates, and the fierce seeming Warriors with their Airy steeds hurrying o're the Champion ground with rapid Wheels, which swift as Whirlwinds rowle or rather to appearance seemed so to do; but I was soon convinced of my mistake by a tall Fellow in a winding-sheet, who coming up to my very beard, and looking on me with a meager Visage and hollow

Eyes

Eyes sunk almost out of sight, he demanded how I came thither? Came hither, said I, nay, that I know not, nor can I tell where I am, for this is a place I was never in before, and therefore I am altogether a stranger in the Country; why, said he, you are now come to take up with the dead, and I wonder how you got hither, since I find not your name Registered in my *Catalogue* of Mortality, therefore it is certain you came not in the right way; as for that Sir, said I, you must pardon me, for I know not which way I came, and could heartily wish I were in the world again; upon that he fell to grining horribly, and told me I must along with him; Nay, e'ne where you please Sir, said I, for I think I can hardly be out of my way; you need not be affraid, said he, for you will have little cause to repent it, when I heard him say so, I began to take courage, and away methoughts we Travel'd together some times upon Earth, and some time we were by the force of wind bourn through the Air, till at last we came to a pallace that seemed to be built of Sculs, with Teeth placed outermost, grining horribly, and all about beset with Tombs, Grave-

ſtones, Monuments, Epitaphs, Garlands, Streamers, Coats of Arms, Eſcutions, and the like, and here I underſtood the King of *Terror* held his Court, and lived riotouſly on the unnumbred lives of ſuch as his deſtroying Herbengers prepared to Glut his greedy *Jaws*. Juſt as we approached, he Mounted on his Sanguin Throne, and ordered the dead to give their attendance, the which he had no ſooner done, but Millions came flocking from all quarters, even ſuch as from all Ages he had lead Captive, for I perceived he had them at his beck, nor durſt they diſobey, which made me pitty the hard fate of ſuch as live under a Tyrant, who rather through fear then otherwiſe unwillingly ſerve, and much more blame thoſe whom the Benign goodneſs and attracting favours of a Gracious Prince have not the power to work upon, but rather ſerve to render them more obſtenate and perverſe.

By this time we were come near enough to behold things perfectly as they were, when I caſting my Eyes wiſhfully upon the many direful and Terror-breathing forms, I found that death had on a Crimſon Robe hung all with ſighs,

sighs, and studed o're with weeping Eyes droping wet with Orphans Tears, and Imbroidered with Woes and Lamentations, and about him stood a thousand Destroyers, armed with *Agues*, *Feavours*, *Pestelence*, *Gout*, *Dropsy*, *Quensy*, *Cattarahs*, *Consumptions*, *Malancholy*, *Grief*, *Dispair*, *Pistols*, *Swords*, *Poisons*, *Flames* and *Venimous Beasts*, with other Engins of Destruction, which I had not leasure to take particular notice off, and all these had wings to bear them at pleasure through the Raw-damps and Foggy Air and could instantly arrive at any place to which they were sent as *Executioners*.

When the Court was sat and silence proclaimed, two of the dead, who as I understood were lately Arrived upon the Coast, were commanded to stand forth, who with heavy cheer and down cast looks, Advanced, each of them having a round Red mark about his neck; which occasioned me in that very moment to Imagin that they had called by the way at the sign of the Triangle, nor was I mistaken as I afterwards understood; they were no sooner come to the Bar and interrogated three or four Questions, but one of them began

to open his Case, declaring from point to point how he had devoted himself to the worship of the Scarlet *Beast*, and that he had drudg'd the greatest part of his life time to compass a design, the which had it taken Effect, would have afforded as many thousand slain as the *Massacree* in 40, *&c.*

It may be so, said the ghastly King, but it seems they were not ready to feast my insatiate Maw, so that least I should faint you were sent me this morning for breakfast, but methinks you should have been wiser then that, whilst you went about to deliver up the Lives of others to my power, you looked no better to your own: Alas, said he, 'twas my hard fate, and thus you requite me by upbraiding me with my misery which was occasioned by Enterprizing to glut your nostrils with steeming Gore, I might have worn my Rocket many a fair day, and have still deceived the Nations with the Traditions of *Mother Church*, as we call her, for I am sure I had Indulgences enough to have gained me a plentiful competency, but I must forsooth be bartering for *Brush* ware, which made me utterly forget my Native Trafique, which should have been

for

for loyalty and obedience; well, I find 'tis now to late too repent, what is done cannot be undone, but were I to live again i'd uſe far greater caving for ſelf preſervation.

Come, come, ſaid a little grining death that ſtood in a corner with a Halter in his hand, it is e'ne well enough that you came as you did, for had you ſtay'd longer you could have done his Terrible Majeſty little good, for you were ſuch a Coxcomb as to betray your deſign to ſuch as you could not otherwiſe imagin but would betray it, and beſides we are limited by the deſtenies, which time looks ſo narrowly after, that they cannot diſpoſe of the ſmalleſt morſel, unleſs he give them order, and I obſerving that he had given no order for what you intended, thought fit to take what I could get, conſidering the old *Proverb*, which ſays,

One Bird faſt in the hand is better far
Then two that ſinging in the buſhes are.

When this little death had ſay'd thus much of his mind, I took him to be nearly Alied to Eſquire *Catch*, by reaſon he carried his tackling about him,

and indeed ſo he appeared to be, for as I underſtood it was his whole imployment to give his attendance on ſuch as mounted the two legged Mare, to gather the Fruits of the Triple Tree as time does ripen them, and to hinder the over much agility of ſuch as are brought to ſhew *the one Grand trick* (as the *French* man calls it) upon a ſtanding Pole with an over bearer at the top on't.

Whilſt I was conſidering theſe things, the Terrible King told him, ſince what he had undertaken upon Earth was malitiouſly deſigned, and that it was rather to gratifie Avarice and Ambition then to give him occaſion to new dip his deep dyed Enſign in ſuch Slaughters, as the Introducing a Forraign power might have occaſioned, he muſt, (ſeeing he was already under the power of the Grave) ſink deeper yet; and thereupon he commanded them that ſtood next him to caſt him into the wide gaping Gulf, there to remain in *ſecula ſeculorum*; after he was packed away; his Companion was ſet up: who being demanded why he had made ſuch a ſtir upon Earth? He reply'd, he did it to get him a name, as the fellow did that burnt

burnt *Diana's* Temple at *Epheſus*, or *Nero* who burnt the then far comanding *Rome*, nor did he fear but he had ſo far Acted that his name would be Tranſmitted to poſterity, and although for ſome Reaſons he might miſs of a Red-letter in the *Popiſh* Callender, yet he was ſure to be regiſtered in black ones, for by your leave ſaid he, I think there was never ſuch a pudder about ſuch an inconſiderable Impoſtor as my ſelf ſince the days of *Perkins*, *Warbeck*; how many times did I laugh in my ſleeve and flatter my ſelf like *Agag*, that the fear of death was paſt, but I ſee you found me out at laſt, for by your leave, Monſieur Death, I would have ſtaked an Empire, had I had it, that I ſhould not have fallen into your Clutches by thoſe means I did, for when I found as I thought which nail would drive, I put all my ſtrength to it, but alas it would not do, for ſtill the hamer ſliped awry, inſomuch that in the end I found I could not drive it ſo far as to Clench it on the other ſide, could I have done that, I had been a glorious Villain; Nay, had it been right or wrong al's a Caſe, I had gain'd the applauſe of the Dim-ſighted, who could not view the bottom of a deep deſign;

but since 'tis past, let it go, and I hope to rest quietly in this shade, for now I fear not the force of Hemp; 'tis true, I was one of old *Hobbses* Disciples, for I ever hovered between *Atheism* and *Papism*, though indeed I put on a kind of a demure face for a time, thinking it might prove Advantagious to my present juncture of Affairs; but when I found I could not peice the *Lyons* skin with the *Foxes* tail, I plucked off my Vizard and shewed my bare face, for I swear by the *Popes* Toe all my design was founded upon mischief, Nay, and such mischief I had made, had not providence prevented it, that the like had not been these many Years; and then you Grimjaw'd Terror, you would have given me better entertainment: when Death heard him prate thus at random, he thought it was time to be rid on him least he should infect his Dominions, and therefore commanded the Ghost to drive him thence, and let him wander to seek his Fortune where he could find it; when he heard him say so, he began to tremble like an *Aspin-leaf*, of which suddain fear being demanded the Cause, he said that he understood by what he heard that they intended

intended to send him into the World again, rather then which he would be content to undergo any punishment that might be yet inflicted; for, said he, whilst I lived upon Earth I was so tortured between hope and fear, that I was ever restless, and so often put to it, to strain my Invention for shifts and querks to impose upon the ignorant, that if I should live again I am sure I should never be able to undergo so tedious a task, therefore since I am on this side the Grave, I beseech your Terribleness to let me alone where I am, and not to turn me out of my quarters.

When Death heard him talk at this rate, he grined Horrible a ghastly smile, and told him that he need not take care for his return to Earth, for it was his pleasure who kept the Keys of the Grave, that no makebates nor sowers of discord should be suffered so much as to peep through the wicket of Mortality when once they were entered the Gate, least their breath being now more distructive then before, should infect all mankind with Discontents, Fears, Jealousies, Repinings, Disaffectations, *&c.* And by such means set all the the world in an uproar; nor did he think

think it convenient he should have any converse with the rest of the Dead, least they might catch the Contagion, and prove more restless then when the *Night-Hag* muttering horrid charms disturbs their silent Tombs, and therefore it was his pleasure that he should be Banished to the Country of dispair, which borders on the fiery lake and has a back door into *Hell*, there to take up with such as had been troublers of *Israel*, and by catching at things far above their reach, had missed their hold and fell down perpendicular into that place of woe: this Sentence was no sooner given and Registered in bloody Characters by a little death who wrote with the point of his dart instead of a Pen; but they bore him thence as swift as Lightening, and I was e'ne glad he was gone, especially when I considered what he was, and what tricks he had play'd upon Earth.

He was yet within sight, when an other came on a slow pace as seeming very loath to appear, but in Conclusion, finding there was no help for it, up he came, and at his heels a number of little Deaths being placed before the Throne, he began to make a thousand

wry

wry Faces, and was a long time e're they could get him to speak, of which being demanded the Reason, he with a faint voice reply'd that too much prating had occasioned his utter ruin, and that he had found by Experience what an evil member the Tongue is, when once set a going, by such as have not discretion to govern it, for then it runs on without fear or wit, and boults out treason in every tale of a Tub, and will be delivering Expressions that often brings the whole body in Question, for I must freely declare to this dread Assembly, said he, that had I been born a mute I might have delay'd my coming hither many a fair day, but what's past can't be recalled, here I am, and for ought I yet understand here I am like to take up my Lodging till time be swallowed up in Eternity: 'Tis well, said a Death that stood next him, if you scape so, and are not obliged to walk down a story lower; Nay, says he, as to that I must submit to the good pleasure of those who have me in-durance, but I well hope I shall be kindlier dealt withal seeing I am come from a far Country, where I enjoy'd and had to this time injoy'd a world

world of Happiness had not the thoughts of high promotion and advancement above what ever *Hewson* could pretend to, raised a Whirl-wind in my *Pericranium*, and Ship racked all my Reason, insomuch that I imagining I had been so near the Haven as I could not have milled Enterance, I began to prepare my Anchors; but Alas! It was nothing so, for as soon as I could make a discovery of the Sea I was launched into, I found my self between *Scilla* and *Charibdis*, where whilst I strove to avoid the one, I run desperately upon the other, and there stuck so long till a Tempest arrising I was forsaken of my follow Sailers, who made what shift they could to clamber over the Rocks, and whilst I stood to my tackle in hopes to clear my Vessel; the next high Tide, I was dashed to pieces: O that I had been wiser in time.

Well, well, said Death, shaking his terrible dart, Repentance always comes too late on this side the Grave, and since you are my Prisoner you shall be dealt with all as such, and thereupon notwithstanding the many intreaties that were made in his behalf by several of the dead (who had female Faces though ghastly

ghastly ones) and his own Allegations, what a harbenger he had proved had his projects taken Effect, he was ordered to take up with the Bablers, Make-bates, and Politick-fools, whose quarter as I understood was the most dismal in all the Land of darkness.

This was no sooner decreed, but a parcel of Poysoners were brought, who had made a Trade of Death, and for many years passed had lived by their practice, some of them having Poysoned half a dozen young Heirs in a morning for Break-fast, which made me imagin they might have been Quack Doctors, but they proved otherways, for as I was informed by one of the dead that brought me to see the several passages, they had taken their degrees in the Devils own University, and were dealers in the black Art, being only studious of the Destruction of mankind, and whilst they were in the other world they daunced with Spirits nightly in the neighbouring Groves, whilst the pale Moon Eclipsed at their Charms, which occasioned Death (least they should infect the rest of the dead by spreading a tenfold Contagion through his Empire) to Order 'um to be packed away

away to him that had most right to 'um, whom they had so duly served whilst they lived on Earth.

After which methoughts a great Company of shivering Ghosts came forward, quaking as if they had been seized with *Ague-fits*, which made me inquisitive to know what they were, and upon inquiry I was informed that they were Usurers, who whilst they lived upon Earth had been great Blood-suckers, and had ruined more Families then a Campaign, for (said a death that stood at my Elbow) they no sooner heard that a young Heir was turned Gamster, or adicted to Extravagancy but by one means or other they insinuated themselves into his aquaintance, and then having found how his pulses beat, they soon made their Applications; telling him that seeing he at present was troubled with a consumption in the Pocket, out of the tender respect they had for his Reputation that he might appear in the world like himself, they would at the concionable rate of twelve *per Cent.* furnish him with convenient Remedies, provided he would enter into Judgment or Mortgage his Lands, the which he as soon con-

conſented to, and thought himſelf happy in meeting with ſuch friends at a dead lift, little dreaming of the Snake that lay hid under the Flowers, for no ſooner had theſe curmudgeons got in their heads, but their whole bodies followed, and at laſt having rooked him out of all, left him in a Priſon to ſhift or ſtarve, or elſe turn Knight of the high Pad, and ſo look his laſt through a Hempen Caſement.

Nay, this is not all, for by their Extortions, Frauds, and cruel uſage, they have occaſioned as may ſhowers of Widows and Orphans Tears as would have filled an ordinary Fiſh-pond; and what did this ſerve for but to bring them to that *Devil* at laſt, whoſe drudges they were whilſt they live, and now we have ſtriped them off their Furrs, they are thus far onward of their way.

He had ſcarce ended, when up came the Spectrums, of a number of *Tally-men*, and *Pawn-brokers*, being ſpawns of the former, and the *Devils* under Factors, and after them a great many Gilts, Pick-pockets, Uſers, of the frail Dye, and the like, who having paſſed the Gates of Death, were going to receive their rewards, and without much

much Cerimony, were conducted by several little deaths to the brink of the Gulf, and tumbled in heads formost.

This was no sooner ended, but methoughts I heard such a clattering of Toomb-stones, such an out-cry of Arise, Arise, and thereupon observed such a number of ghastly Faces peep out, that in the very instant I gave a start from my seat and thereupon awoke, and was not little over joyed to find what had passed but a Dream.

Yet seriously considering each particular, I concluded, that not only these, but all the rest, if well considered and a Morral Construction rightly made, might not be a little Advantagious to the Reader.

FINIS.